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NEW STATESMAN

TUC: Report from Blackpool

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IRELAND
Will Thatcher untie the army's hands?

Pension funds:
the new commanding heights

Revolution in Brazil?

David Caute: William Styron's new novel

Edinburgh Festival diary/Frederic Raphael's essays

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NEW STATESMAN

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NOTES

Will NHS watchdogs turn into poodles?

Robert Davies and Christopher Price write: When Community Health Councils (CHCs) were set up by the Tories in 1974, in the wake of health service reorganisation, Sir Keith Joseph, then Secretary of State for Social Services, described them as an innovation whereby 'for the first time the consumer's voice is clearly taken into account'. Events of the last week in West London suggest, however, that the Tories prefer this *voce* to remain decidedly *sotto*.

Because of severe cash limits on the National Health Service, Kensington, Chelsea and Westminster Area Health Authority (AHA) had to cut £2 million from its expenditure for the rest of the financial year. Over £1 million had to be cut to meet VAT increases alone. Part of a £400,000 package of cuts in the AHA's north east district, covering Marylebone and Soho, was a proposal to close a recovery unit located at Athlone House, a hospital on the edge of Hampstead Heath. The 45-bed unit is used by the Middlesex Hospital for patients recovering from surgery – mainly elderly people. A year ago a proposal to close the unit was successfully contested by the local CHC, but this time the AHA denied formal rights of consultation to the CHC on the grounds that the closure would be temporary and consultation would not be in the interests of the health service – the only grounds on which they can refuse consultation.

The CHC decided to seek legal opinion. Even though the closure was claimed to be temporary it was still a 'substantial variation' in service (about which CHCs are supposed to be consulted), and the AHA had failed to make a proper case for consultation not being in the interests of the health service. A majority of members felt it was proper to use funds, agreed by the Regional Health Authority for general activity, to protect health service consumers. Leading barrister Louis Blom-Cooper was booked into court to seek an injunction last Friday, the day before the closure was due.

Social Services Secretary Patrick Jenkin, seeing press reports of a 'test case', suddenly woke up: consumers were trying to hinder government policy. The only way to stop the CHC pursuing its rights was to cut off its funds. Knowing that he hasn't the power to direct an RHA to do that, Jenkin wrote to RHA chairman Betty Paterson, suggesting that the RHA should not authorise expenditure for this purpose. The CHC were duly summoned to RHA headquarters to be informed that there were new conditions on their budget which prevented them from taking legal action against the AHA. A week before the court hearing the CHC thus faced a dilemma. It had found a series of legal points to justify a claim for formal consultation on an issue which had public support, but was prevented from proceeding by a freeze on its funds instigated by the Secretary of State, who had an interest in swift cuts.

At a stormy meeting on the eve of the case, the CHC decided to back down by a majority of one.

If Marylebone and Soho have been thwarted in their first attempt at litigation, however, there are other Community Health Councils equally anxious to take up the cudgels. Last week, the Commissioners appointed by Patrick Jenkin in Lambeth, Southwark and Lewisham made (in secret) their first decision on the cuts – to close St John's Hospital in Blackheath from 1 October. Under Jenkin's instigation, in order to avoid consulting the CHC they are presenting the closure as 'temporary' – although the engineers have already been given orders to gut the operating theatre the day the hospital closes. The closure has already provoked a storm of protest from doctors, unions and public alike; and a proposed sit-in could well keep the hospital open beyond the end of the month.

The closure could also provoke litigation. Although the Lewisham CHC is as short of money as Marylebone, the local authority and health service unions are rather better placed, and could well have standing in any action to challenge in the courts such a patently implausible 'temporary' closure. The only justification which Jenkin's Commissioners can plead for their refusal to abide by the regulations on consultation is if a particular hospital closure is urgently needed 'in the interests of the health service'. Perhaps the judge will decide that health service cuts are 'in the interest of the health service'. But it is a nice point, and certainly worth taking to court if the resources to hire lawyers can be found.

Robert Davies is a member of Marylebone and Soho CHC.

Civil servants are 'real people' – official

Peter Kellner writes: Civil service mandarins are battening down the hatches in the face of the cabinet's discussions, starting next week, on cuts in the numbers of Britain's 732,000 civil servants. Within the past fortnight the Civil Service Department has circulated to senior officials throughout Whitehall a new edition of *The Quarry*, a 13-page answer-the-critics kit. Thus if some ill-informed fellow says that civil servants are all faceless bureaucrats, *The Quarry* reminds you that they are

> real people doing real jobs because the country wants them done; providing services to firms (export credit guarantees), to farmers (drainage engineers), above all to the public generally (social security benefits, finding new jobs for the unemployed).

The Quarry is revised every few months, and is prepared solely for the benefit of officials. You can't get one from HMSO, and it is not distributed to MPs or even ministers. What it presents is a mixture of basic facts and plausible assertions. The assertions are apt to be subtly shaded to respond to shifts in government policy. Last December's edition stated unequivocally

> The size of the Civil Service is determined by the tasks placed upon it.

But according to the new edition:

> The size of the Civil Service depends *principally* on the tasks it is asked to perform (Emphasis added.)

Despite that genuflection towards the idea that other factors might be involved (inertia? inefficiency? – perish the thought), *The Quarry* indicates that the central objective of the cabinet discussions will not be to cut waste:

> The Government are looking for a slimmer civil service, and are considering ways of achieving significant savings in the medium term. These can however only be secured through a commensurate reduction in functions.

As if to underline the fact that for its present functions Whitehall is already pared to the bone, we are told:

> Civil Service numbers have fallen steadily for the

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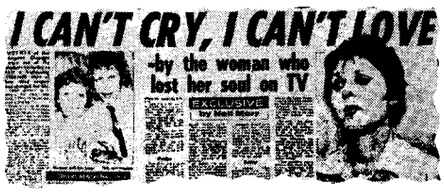
past couple of years. By April 1979, there had been a net decrease of 15,300 civil servants compared with April 1976.

But according to last December's edition, there had been a larger decrease – 16,000 – between April 1976 and October 1978. In other words, the decline was reversed last winter, when the number actually rose. The main explanation is that Social Security offices had to take on more staff to cope with the casualties of recession – a problem that current Tory policies will certainly accentuate. Proportionately the department with the largest increase is the Civil Service Department itself – the very centre of the Government's Whitehall-cutting exercise. But then, as one CSD wag put it, 'we need the men if we're to do the job'.

The brains behind the operations

Christopher Price writes: The case of Margaret Chapman, her personality destroyed by brain surgery, focuses attention on the new government's policy on safeguards for patients who undergo hazardous mental treatment. Mrs Chapman was operated on three years ago by a Leeds neurosurgeon, Mr Arthur Wall, under the full glare of the TV cameras. The impression given in the programme was that the operation had succeeded in restraining her tendency to violence. Now, interviewed in this week's *Sunday People*, she says: 'I might as well be dead. I still have my mental faculties. I can think and I can reason. But I have no feelings – I have no emotion left in me.'



She consented to the operation after five months of intensive drug treatment and it was carried out against the wishes of her 21-year-old son. Earlier this year, David Ennals issued a White Paper proposing that in the case of 'hazardous' treatment not only should the informed consent of patients and relatives be obtained after possible side effects had been explained, but the operation should only be authorised by a committee containing other professions as well as doctors. The Royal College of Psychiatrists objected to the idea, but discussions were initiated which looked as though they might produce some compromise legislation. Now Patrick Jenkin has gone silent on the whole idea of any new legislation to reform the out-of-date 1959 Mental Health Act. Though many doctors who practise brain surgery already conform to the spirit of the White Paper proposals, others are less careful. Moreover the whole history of brain operations is littered with experiments gone wrong. If better safeguards are not brought in, we must expect more 'Margaret Chapman' stories in future.

Letting Britain's libraries decay

Rick Rogers writes: Britain's libraries – threatened by public spending cuts – are also being damaged by official incompetence and a chronic inability to work together. That is the conclusion of a new report from the Library Advisory Council (LAC) The Council, set up to advise the government on library affairs, says that despite a few attempts the policy of relying on voluntary co-operation between libraries has failed. Decisions have been taken unilaterally without proper regard for the interests of libraries and their users.

The great diversity of libraries – school, higher education, specialists and so on – and the considerable variation in the resources devoted to different libraries means that co-operation between them is essential if users are to be able to get at the books and information they require. Such co-operation has got worse rather than better.

The report gives some examples: there has been a 'marked deterioration' in the provision of books in schools; the Department of Employment has set up a series of job libraries (holding information on careers) at job and occupational guidance centres, with no attempt to consult other bodies. Statistics on libraries are inadequate, superficial and privy mainly to a few specialist interest groups. The statistics are useless for detailed national decision-making on library policy, in which, anyway, too many bodies who do not consult each other have an interest. For example, six branches of the Department of Education and Science have some kind of responsibility for libraries but the DES has no 'co-ordinated approach to policy matters', and no body has given a lead in devising a library policy.

The government has been aware of the problems highlighted by the report for some time. A string of earlier reports have called for better co-operation and more resources and all the major library organisations know that something has to be done. The government ignored the 1975 Bullock Report on literary skills and local authorities have allowed school libraries to deteriorate further. The National Book League's recent report *Books for Schools* (NS 1 June 1979) on the organisation and financing of school libraries has been shelved. Even a month after the LAC report was completed responsibility for the DES's libraries was taken fron the DES and given to Leader of the House, Norman St John Stevas, doubling up as arts minister.

To put things right, LAC suggests a new body to advise and criticise library policy, rather like the Advisory Council for Adult and Continuing Education. Failing this, it wants LAC upgraded, with more money, more prestigious members and more investigative powers and it urges that one branch of the DES should have major responsibility for libraries and information services. Finally, it wants an annual report made to parliament by the DES on library matters, providing a detailed account of the use of resources so that key policy issues can be raised and proper statistics produced to help devise a better and more public library policy.

Neglect of the nation's library and information resources is not an entirely peripheral issue because, as the report says, 'failure to provide proper access to the vast range of information now available can freeze attitudes, hold back development, blunt efforts to improve the country's economic performance and result in misdirected energies and duplicated research'.

Future development of libraries: the organisational and policy framework, available from Room 2/48, DES, Elizabeth House, York Road, London SE1.

What's on the box?

Our correspondent writes: As plans for the fourth TV channel take shape at the IBA and the Home Office, last week's Edinburgh TV Festival provided an opportunity to assess the merits of the various proposals on how the new channel should operate. There was widespread support for keeping the existing Independent Television companies at a long arm's length, but there were some rather imaginative conceptions of 'independence'. In a speech on the first evening Jeremy Isaacs – a possible candidate for controller of TV4 – spoke in favour of using it to support more productions such as *Rock Follies*. This at least cleared up any doubts about what he meant by the need for the proposed channel to be 'not too different' from the other three.

One exception to the lack of clarity about 'independence' was provided by members of the Independent Film-makers' Association. They said the new channel should have a clear commitment to move beyond the present range of viewpoints, programme formats and production methods. They also stressed the need for the IBA to set aside a proportion of revenue to go to a Foundation charged with providing programmes of social and cultural value.

They point out that independent film production of this kind has achieved a significant cultural presence outside the TV institutions, and that to argue for its importance as a source of new energy for the fourth channel is therefore *not* (as Peter Fiddick put it in Monday's *Guardian*) 'inevitably a matter of assertion, faith and pay later . . .' But if the policymakers in broadcasting had ever been interested in fostering a genuinely democratic debate about what the viewing public thought of or wanted from TV as a medium, they could have used existing channels to do it.

SNP left-wingers prepare to go it alone

Brian Wilson writes: Over the past 18 months, the roof has fallen in on the Scottish National Party which, hitherto, had sometimes seemed to be on an ever-ascending escalator to power and Scottish independence. Two crushing by-election defeats, local government set-backs, the inconclusive devolution referendum and the general election fiasco have shattered the party.

The scene is thus set for a conference of recrimination when the nationalists meet in Dundee next weekend. The main bone of contention will be the emergence of a left-wing faction named the '79 Group', which aims for the creation of a Scottish Socialist Republic. When William Wolfe, the party chairman, launched the conference agenda last Tuesday, he warned that members of the group could be flirting with expulsion from the SNP.

A split in the Nationalist forces has been on the cards for some time. If the devolution referendum had produced a Scottish Assembly, many of those now involved in the '79 Group' would have moved over to join Jim Sillars in a revamped Scottish Labour Party. For the time being at least, electoral defeat and the referendum result have taken Mr Sillars off the scene. Among the leaders of the '79 Group' are Margo MacDonald, the SNP's senior vice-chairman, Stephen Maxwell, who is bidding to succeed Wolfe as chairman (though he is likely to lose to the Dundee East MP, Gordon Wilson). and Dr Gavin Kennedy.

To most SNP activists, particularly in the small towns and rural areas of Scotland, the idea of the party taking a more socialist stance is total anathema. When the role of the monarchy was raised at an annual conference two years ago, delegates rushed to the rostrum to affirm their belief in the institution. The litmus test for the new group's standing within the party will come with the debate on a motion from Caithness and Sutherland constituency which 'deplores any attempt to form any unofficial group within the party which identifies itself with either right or left-wing policies.'

If, as seems likely, the '79 Group' is given a sound rebuff by the conference it is difficult to envisage its members returning quietly to the fold. The more radical elements in the SNP were prepared to put up with traditional nationalists – 'Haggis-throwers and tartan-wavers', according to Dr Kennedy – as long as it seemed that independence was round the corner. But the party'sastonishing collapse in industrial areas and the unexpected resilience of the Labour Party in Scotland have convinced them that a committedly left-wing approach is the only way.

The SNP seem unlikely to benefit, even in the current climate, from the government's unpopularity in Scotland, because they are tarred with the brush of having voted with the Tories on crucial economic issues – against, for instance, the nationalisation of shipbuilding. Ultimately they contributed to the Labour Government's defeat in the Commons – a fact they will never be allowed to forget.

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APARTHEID
Patrick Wintour

Reasons for the Tories' new line on South African rugby

Hector's great conversion

'I HOPE THOUSANDS will turn out at London Airport to welcome the British Lions Rugby team after their victorious series. I am going to fly out to Johannesburg to give them my good wishes and congratulations personally at the final test. The Lions tour has been a magnificent success and all praise to Willie John McBride, his team and the management. The long term gain for sport may be inestimable. The policy of playing and talking looks like being proved right. The tour must be marked by a reception. It can hardly be at Number 10 after Mr Wilson's criticisms and his orders to our embassy in South Africa. Willie John's team will not be forgotten.'

These faintly over-enthusiastic words from our then shadow Minister of Sport, Hector Monro, written to the *Daily Express* in July 1974, leave one wondering whether brave Hector has indeed forgotten Willie John, his tour of apartheid and the reception committee. Hector is now cocooned at the Department of Environment as Minister of Sport and is under the watchful eye not only of the top civil servant for sport, Asst Secretary Mr N. Palmer, but also the Foreign Office. Over the past fortnight Hector has been giving neurotic nods and winks to the Rugby Home Unions Committee telling them it has been a bad idea to invite the South Africans on a semi-official tour of these and Ireland's shores.

Hector's speedy desertion of the Pretorian camp is all the more strange in that his earlier stand evidently had the support of Edward Heath and Mrs Thatcher's PPS Ian Gow, who have both personally expressed the view that the 1979 tour should go on. It is not unlikely that Mrs Thatcher and her rugby-loving husband, Denis, also think the tour is laudable. Indeed a whole section of the Tory Party will regard the affair as another ignominious surrender if the Home Office implements the 1971 Immigration Act, forbidding entry to 'those whose entry would not be conducive to the public good.' So why did Monro, a former Vice-President of the Scottish Rugby union and one-time tour leader to South Africa, suffer such a conversion?

First, the Foreign Office understand that it is not worth the candle to have an overtly racist South African team touring the country in October possibly simultaneously with the conference on Zimbabwe-Rhodesia. Mr Monro, the Minister of Sport and Water Engineering, does not have quite the same influence in Whitehall as Lord Carrington.

Secondly, it is quite clear from the statements of Elwyn Jones, Director of the Sports Council, and Denis Follows of the British Olympic Committee that there would be an 80-strong walk-out by Asian, Caribbean and African countries from the forthcoming Moscow Olympics if Britain were allowed both to stay in the Olympics and to host apartheid. The anti-racist movement in sport is now very well organised and would ensure a walk-out.

The British Rugby Union's response is to say that the much-mentioned Commonwealth Gleneagles Agreement, banning sporting contacts with South Africa, has nothing to do with the Olympics and, moreover, that matters have improved in South African rugby since the Agreement was signed in 1977. Whitehall's position is that even if South African rugby was non-racial, South African society in general is not. The Gleneagles Agreement, reaffirmed by Mrs Thatcher in Lusaka, is not just about sport. It says that there should be no sporting contacts when that country 'continues to pursue that detestable policy of apartheid.'

The South African ambassador, Dewie De Villiers (sent to London in April without any previous diplomatic experience, but captain of the last Springbok tour to Britain in 1969) has been busily trying to cover up the nature of South African sport. The South Africans are heavily financing the growth of individual Anglo-South African sports links. In this they have often counted on the support of former England cricketer Colin Cowdrey, an employee of Barclays Bank International who organises secret cricket tours of Britain for South Africans. On the last tour two months ago the black members were not shown the itinerary. But the British Rugby authorities, frequent visitors to South Africa, are De Villiers most natural allies. Together they see the tour as a test case.

THERE HAS BEEN nothing but the most cosmetic change in South African rugby in the last two years. The proposed Barbarians tour is itself a monument to separate development and it is ludicrous of John Hart, secretary of the Committee of the Four Home Unions to claim that it will be non-racial. The South African Rugby Board have nominated a set number of players quite explicitly on the grounds of colour; the coloureds, Africans and whites are each to have their own trainers guiding them through the matches.

In South Africa itself there is no multi-racial rugby. Two associations based on Asian and African lines, with less than 8,000 members, are allowed to be part of the South African Rugby Board with its 22 white associations. The non-racial South African Rugby Union, with over 50,000 supporters, will have nothing to do with the white-dominated body. White Quislings such as the Watson brothers and Michael Ryan, all of Springbok trialist standard, have been arrested by the authorities under the Group Areas Act for trying to play non-racial rugby. Ryan, a lock forward for Western Province, has been threatened with dismissal from his car company. Cheeky Watson, one of the brothers, has been arrested three times for attempting to play non-racial rugby.

As recently as 25 August the *Johannesburg Star* reported that the Wanderers club of Johannesburg 'admitted non-whites on an honorary basis. The law prevented full membership'. Similiarly in May the *Johannesburg Sunday Times* reported that the Newlands Capetown ground could not have non-racial changing and bar facilities because of the law. Whatever the hue of a specially prepared team brought over here, South African sport and its whole society is rigidly based on the concept of separate development. And until that changes it is best that the FO keep the real Hector locked up.

MERSEYSIDE
Rob Rohrer

The Home Secretary should order a public inquiry

Huyton police: time for action

THE QUESTION OF unofficial police weapons and equipment – raised recently during the Blair Peach inquiry – now hangs over the Merseyside police investigation into how Jimmy Kelly, a 53-year-old labourer, died. According to witnesses Kelly was severely beaten and kicked as he was arrested by Huyton police, and he died within one hour. An independent post-mortem has found two distinctively-shaped bruises on his head and chest, running in parallel lines across abrasions. These marks are thought to have been caused by a 'rigid, bar-like object', according to a pathologist brought in by the Kelly family; the first post-mortem by a Home Office doctor missed Kelly's shattered jawbone and a crushed vertebra.

Two of the witnesses who saw Kelly attacked maintain that a police officer appeared to be striking down with some kind of weapon. It was already known that Kelly was so tightly handcuffed that deep weals were left on both wrists, indicating an unorthodox, ratchet-type handcuff. Merseyside's chief constable Ken Oxford refuses to say what types of handcuffs, if any, are issued to officers.

The new findings and further medical evidence that Kelly's weak heart would have prevented him offering much resistance to arrest are contained in a post-mortem report by Dr John Torry of Wigan Hospital, the family's pathologist. His report is due to be released shortly by the family. The main conclusion is that Jimmy Kelly was 'unlikely to have died ... had the incident prior to his death not occurred'. Kelly's jaw was shattered in two places by an impact of extreme force and 'the most probable explanation for this kind of fracture would be a blow or kick to the point of the chin'. The third post-mortem by Professor Alan Usher, of Sheffield University, is expected soon and will show the cause of death as heart failure brought on by multiple injuries, shock and drunkenness.

West Midlands Assistant Chief Constable David Gerty has been called in this week to follow up the NEW STATESMAN report (24 August) about other prisoners' complaints of vicious assaults, cigarette burnings, towel beatings and kickings by Huyton police in the week before Jimmy Kelly died. After announcing this inquiry Merseyside's Chief Constable later talked of 'gratuitous ... unsolicited criticism' aimed at his force. He did not name these critics.

The decision to call in an outside force to deal with some allegations is unlikely to still the clamour on Merseyside for a public inquiry into Jimmy Kelly's death and the

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operations of the Knowsley Police Division (which includes Huyton and nearby Kirkby). Knowsley Council decided last week to seek a non-police inquiry. Knowsley Trades Council did the same this week, and Liverpool Trades Council is expected to follow suit. Sir Harold Wilson, the Huyton MP, is said to be broaching the matter with the Home Office.

If the internal inquiry by a local chief superintendent has been thorough it will already have uncovered a chain of conflicting police explanations about what happened to Jimmy Kelly. There are now indications that a number of officers attempted to conceal the circumstances surrounding his death. The first police account given to the family said he had been 'found unconscious' on wasteland (why handcuff him then, the family was soon asking). The Home Office pathologist was apparently not told of any struggles during the arrest. It appears the police told him Kelly walked into the station. The truth is that an unconscious Kelly had to be carried from the police van. Once in the station Kelly began choking and turning blue. According to police statements Kelly was left slumped on the van floor for part of the journey and this, says Dr Torry, may have contributed to 'asphyxial death – fatally reducing oxygen to a heart weakened by disease and the poor breathing that often follows loss of consciousness.

Following Kelly's death the early detective work appears to have been remarkably sloppy: the badly-dented tobacco tin and lighter were returned to the family the day after without forensic examination; it took a week to find the fragments of Kelly's dentures and one piece was found still later by the family's solicitors; two children, interviewed as witnesses, claim that investigating officers told them Kelly died of a heart attack.

The police are likely to claim that Kelly, a stout, heavy man, was unruly and resisted arrest. One officer reportedly states he grabbed Kelly's testicles during the struggle, thus accounting for the bruises found there. Kelly, however, was suffering from a chronic heart disease and was incapable of much exertion (during a recent medical examination he had become breathless after climbing on to the couch). He should have been no match for two young, fit, sober police officers trained to subdue a person using minimum force.

If any other reason is needed, a public inquiry is necessary simply to co-ordinate the findings of all the present investigations into Huyton police station. These cover alleged assaults, perjury, fabrication of evidence, and theft of fines. As these allegations become the talk of Huyton pubs, the morale of the local police is slipping as fast as public distrust is rising. The Home Secretary has a simple remedy for these troubles in Section 32 of the 1964 Police Act. He can order 'a local inquiry . . . into any matter connected with the policing of any area'. This can be held in public. If the air is to be cleared and tempers to abate in the Huyton community, he needs to act quickly.

UNIONS
Paul Routledge

The TUC Congress has been one of the most uninspired for years

No smoke without fire

IT SAYS SOMETHING for the unenthusiastic atmosphere of this year's Trades Union Congress that the most contentious item of discussion was whether smoking should be banned in the conference hall. This was the heady issue that twice split the miners' delegation down the middle, obliging no-smoker Joe Gormley to use his presidential casting vote against the weed. After the ban was adopted, little knots of women were gathering in the ladies' lavatory discussing retaliatory action, including exploding cigarettes.

Had they gone ahead, it might have injected a little more life into the proceedings which have been sufficiently tame for Tory observers here to be satisfied. The General Council clearly do not want to rush into a conflict with the Government even though some big individual unions are impatient to engage the enemy. These unions – including the TGWU and NUPE – defied the official line and voted to support the furniture workers' call for mass demonstrations against the cabinet's economic policy. But Congress House favours a more cautious policy of education and persuasion, which was not noticeably successful in getting the Labour government to change course, never mind Mrs Thatcher. The General Council got their way by the thinnest of majorities, 61,000 in a vote of 12 million, almost a phyric victory.

The debate on the Tories' plans for labour law 'reform' opened on a high note with a characteristically rowsing speech by Harry Urwin, chairman of the Employment Committee. But congress president Tom Jackson could not find speakers to voice opposition or even reservations about the campaign suggested by the National Graphical Association against the forthcoming legal curbs on union activities. The motion practically went through on the nod. Though Urwin spelt out the dangers that lie ahead when the new laws are operating, delegates evidently felt it was all a bit remote. It will be next spring at the earliest before shop stewards, lay activists and trade union officials feel the lash of the legislation.

The unions will certainly need to be free of shackles of their own fashioning in the next wage-round, particularly in the public sector. The Government has not yet shown its hand but a move in the London magistrates' court clerks' dispute suggests that Ministers are preparing a clampdown on pay for those whose bargaining is susceptible to government influence. The court clerks have been told they can have their 14 per cent two-stage settlement, but Home Secretary Whitelaw says he will give no undertakings about the recommendations of a working party into unresolved areas of the pay claim. In that ruling, the two civil service unions in dispute detect the heavy hand of a restrictive incomes policy coming down already.

Alongside the pay battles the public sector unions will have to fight public expenditure cuts. The cabinet has just started its review of civil and public service jobs, examining options for cuts of 10, 15 and 20 per cent. The industrial action by customs and excise officers recently over the reduction in their numbers is just a foretaste of the much bigger reaction now being prepared.

One big happy family

Andrew Wiard (Report)

The Blackpool congress laid down largely permissive policies that unions can take up as they choose. Len Murray, General Secretary of the TUC, defended the right of unions to take action. 'If the Government force us on to the defensive, then we must show that we can defend our proper interests and defend them effectively. Unions, particularly those in the public sector, may be accused of taking industrial action for political ends. Those who charge us with this will be wrong.' He added: 'The General Council have a duty to assist unions where assistance is required, on the clear basis that it is for the General Council to decide where this is appropriate in the light of their overall strategy and that we do not give blank cheques to anybody.'

Plainly, the General Council do not want to take up a formally hostile posture, and to that extent their opposition to the furniture workers' brand of militancy may be read as a signal to the Government that serious negotiations with the TUC are still possible.

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IRELAND
Mary Holland

Thatcher and Creasey won't convince Lynch

South of the border

LIEUTENANT GENERAL Timothy Creasey, General Officer Commanding the Army in Northern Ireland, made a rare public pronouncement last weekend. Opening a British Legion Hall in the strongly Unionist town of Antrim he spoke of his determination to defeat 'the thugs and murderers of the Provisional IRA and the Irish National Liberation Army.' The Lieutenant General said, 'I am in no way defeatist but I think it is healthy to face up to facts as they are. Unless we face up to facts we cannot get the measure of the problem.' He then told his audience that his experiences in another war, elsewhere, had convinced him that 'considered and co-ordinated effort could defeat terrorism.'

The 'other war elsewhere' of which the Northern Ireland army chief was speaking was in Oman, where from 1972 to 1975 Creasey was chief of the Sultan's Armed Forces during a campaign of ruthless repression of the Popular Front for the Liberation of Oman. Mr Ian Gilmour will remember the period since it fell to his lot to answer, or more correctly evade, parliamentary questions about the conduct of British troops in Oman on those occasions when the conscience of the Left was pricked on the matter, usually in the wake of reports of torture.

It was towards the end of 'Tim' Creasey's command in Oman that Roy Mason, by then Secretary of State for Defence in the Labour Government, visited Creasey and conceived an admiration for his counter-insurgency methods. When Mason moved to Ireland Creasey, by this time back in England, followed soon afterwards.

It must be said that if the Lieutenant General is thinking of importing a fraction of the considered and co-ordinated effort against terrorism which characterised the war in Oman the entire population of Northern Ireland is in for an interesting time. In his book *Arabia Without Sultans* Fred Halliday has described some of the methods involved: 'The British poisoned and blew up wells, burnt villages, set crops and food stores on fire, shot herds and cut off food supplies.' A British officer in Oman interviewed by Thames Television in December 1972 remarked that it was very different from his previous posting in Northern Ireland because back in Belfast the army had had its hands tied.

If there is one single danger which faces us all at the moment it is that the Government, anxious to placate Protestant anger in the province and to raise the morale of the troops after the killing of 18 soldiers at Warrenpoint, will bow to pressure, perceptible for some time now, 'to untie the army's hands', or, as the GOC would probably prefer to put it, face up to facts and allow a considered and co-ordinated effort against the terrorists.

It is worth recalling, particularly at a time when the Lynch-Thatcher talks seem doomed to at least immediate deadlock, that the nadir of recent British experience in Northern Ireland was reached precisely when the army, spurred on by a Unionist government at Stormont, had control of the fight against the terrorists in the province. Those were the years that produced internment, no-go areas, Bloody Sunday, the complete alienation of the Catholic community and a situation of such volatility in the South that the Irish government was unable to prevent the burning down of the British embassy. It was the closest Ireland has come this time around to the much prophesied civil war, and what averted it was the suspension of Stormont in 1972 and the arrival of William Whitelaw, who immediately saw that his first priority must be to tie the army's hands back where they belonged.

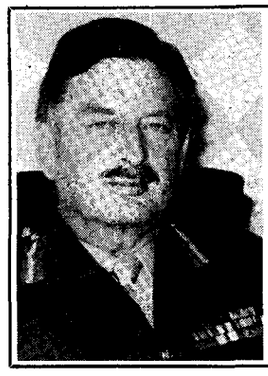
Mrs Thatcher and Jack Lynch at their last meeting: no more chance of agreement this time

Camera Press

This is something of which Jack Lynch, who was premier in the Irish Republic at the time and whose containment of the situation on his side of the border involved sacking two cabinet ministers for suspected gun running to the IRA, is acutely aware. It is also something over which he can hope to have almost no control. While he continues to press the British government for a new initiative on Northern Ireland, he knows that this is unlikely to materialise. Given the political vacuum the likelihood is that Britain will continue to demand security concessions from Mr Lynch which, even were he able to deliver them, could well prove extremely dangerous to Anglo-Irish relations in practice.

Mr Whitelaw, who showed great skill in advising Mrs Thatcher in the immediate aftermath of the Mountbatten murders, almost certainly knows this. So, perhaps, does Francis Pym who has enough experience of Ireland to know that it can't be treated like Oman, and that Mr Lynch's political situation is riven with complexities which the British government should try to comprehend for everybody's sake.

IT IS DOUBTFUL, alas, whether Mr Humphrey Atkins understands anything. Since he became Northern Ireland Secretary he has impressed people as a cultivated and courteous man who appears to think that Northern Ireland demands the same level of political skills as a Young Conservatives' garden fete. Thus far, he has managed to make a political mess out of every delicate situation in which he has been involved. There was, first, the incident of Governor Hugh Carey of New York and his invitation to Mr Atkins to discuss Northern Ireland at a venue in New York along with the Republic's Minister for External Affairs Michael O'Kennedy. If the Secretary of State did not realise that to reply with anything that could remotely be interpreted as even courteous interest in such a proposition would be handing political dynamite to the Unionists, then it is a pity he does not discuss politics with even the children with whom he is photographed in Belfast. Having accepted Governor Carey's invitation without examining it closely (there are signs that it was very much a lone effort organised without the approval of the big guns in Irish American politics) Mr Atkins then withdrew in terms calculated to offend not only Governor Carey, but also Senator Teddy Kennedy and Speaker Tip O'Neill. By suggesting that the future of Northern Ireland was a matter of legitimate concern only to the British government and the people of Northern Ireland, he also managed to upset the Irish government. This might not have mattered if the Provisional IRA had not blown this theory sky high last week, forcing Mr Atkins to realise that what happens in Northern Ireland concerns the Irish government intimately and dreadfully.



Lieutenant General Timothy Creasey: he wants to import Oman to Ulster

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Soldiers face youths after civil rights march in Derry

Eamonn O'Dwyer (IFL)

However, Mr Atkins is as yet a minor player on this stage. The most immediate question is what Mrs Thatcher intends to do, not simply in her immediate meetings with Mr Lynch but to establish a working relationship with the Dublin government which might make political progress possible in the north. By general consent, even in Ireland, she managed her reaction to the Mountbatten murders very cleverly indeed. What impressed observers here was not simply her trip to Crossmaglen, but her public insistence at every turn that she was convinced that Mr Lynch was as anxious as herself to fight terrorism. In other words she upstaged Mr Lynch without directly fingering him. Luckily for Mr Lynch's somewhat tarnished popularity at home the British popular media, ever an Irish politician's best friend in a crisis, came to his aid and by the hysterically anti-Irish tone of their coverage of last week's events gave the Irish public the necessary emotional excuse to rally behind their attacked leader, obscuring any rational discussion of the real security problems that do exist in tackling the IRA in the south.

But a short term PR victory is one thing, establishing an understanding between Dublin and London which enables the Irish premier to escape his gladatorial role is a more complex task. A good way to start would be to stop harping on the security problems, of which Mr Lynch is well aware, and look instead at the political cards on the table. If these are depressingly sparse that is all the more reason to discuss what is available. Instead of nagging Mr Lynch on security Mrs Thatcher would be much better employed pressing him on just what concrete political concessions he and his party are prepared to make should Britain agree to his rather tenuous demand of 'encouraging Irish unity'.

But if Britain is to make any gains from Dublin, on the security or political front, the first prerequisite is an understanding of political realities within the Republic and, to judge by the weekend's papers, there is little sign that anyone at Westminster is prepared to make this effort. It isn't only a question of the complexities of internal tensions within the Fianna Fail party, but to understand how British demands appear from the other side of the Irish Sea. Take for example the security moves which have been discussed all week, which Westminster is alleged to be pressing on Mr Lynch and which the Irish premier has already discounted, at least in principle.

THE FIRST IS the right of 'hot pursuit' of terrorists across the border which Lt Gen. Creasey has demanded for his troops. During his period in Northern Ireland one of Creasey's major innovations, approved by Roy Mason, has been the use of ambush operations to trap 'known' terrorists. These have followed a pattern. A spot at which terrorists are expected is staked out sometimes by men in uniform, more often in plain clothes, who usually shoot at sight. This has resulted in the deaths of a number of IRA men; if they happen to have been unarmed at the time and thus shot without the benefit of trial in a part of the UK where there is no death penalty, the politicians estimate, usually rightly, that few tears will be shed for them. Unfortunately this type of covert operation has also resulted in a number of innocent deaths, of a 23-year-old Protestant on a duck shooting expedition for example, and a 16-year-old Catholic boy whose family had informed the security forces of an arms dump hidden in an old graveyard. Does it really take such a leap of political imagination from Mrs Thatcher and/or Mr Whitelaw to envisage the consequences in the south if an innocent Irish teenager was killed by British soldiers who took him for a known terrorist, or what would happen to the Irish politician who had given the go-ahead for such an operation?

The other suggestion, this one canvassed strenuously by the Chief Constable of the Royal Ulster Constabulary, is that members of the RUC should be allowed south to question suspects. Quite apart from the Irish public's attitudes to a police force which has been found guilty again and again of mistreating prisoners by judicial and international commissions of inquiry, this also presents practical difficulties. Legal experts have argued, and Mr Lynch has listened, that if a suspect were to be charged in the Irish courts and it transpired that the evidence against him had been obtained by a policeman with no legal powers within the Southern Irish jurisdiction that would almost certainly be taken as grounds for acquittal.

The current harping by almost all strands of British opinion on the Irish government's lack of will in matters of security is probably the single factor which most exacerbates relations between the two governments today. For that reason alone it would be helpful to ease up on it. While it goes on the Irish government will continue to defend itself by pointing to the fact that it has the harshest anti-terrorist laws in Europe, that it spends more per head of its population in security against the IRA than Britain, that successive waves of Irish politicians have tramped across the United States urging Irish Americans not to support the IRA. It can also cite examples where anti-terrorist measures, usually taken in response to British pressure to 'crack down on the IRA', have been positively counter-productive. There was in particular the decision of the last coalition government to raise the penalty for IRA menbership to seven years. This was the main factor in persuading the IRA to abandon its traditional policy of not recognising the courts. Now the most important suspects brought before the courts on charges of IRA membership defend themselves, so numbers of men regarded as dangerous, north and south, have been acquitted to the chagrin of the security forces.

But when all is said and done, the most important reason why Mrs Thatcher should attempt to understand and accommodate Mr Lynch is that she needs him. It might help if she were to realise that almost any of the immediate alternatives would be a great deal worse from her point of view. The reality of the situation is that she has to live with a Fianna Fail government. Its popularity may be slipping, it may be making an unholy mess of the country's economic problems, but the fact remains that it was returned to power with the largest majority in the history of the state and that many of those who voted for it did so in protest against the last government's policy on the north, particularly on law and order.

That Mr Lynch himself is less than fanatically Republican is demonstrated by his constant delicate backing away (most recently on last Monday's *Panorama*) from his party's official policy of pressing for British withdrawal from Northern Ireland. But there are Republicans in his cabinet, more of them in his parliamentary party and most of all among the traditional Fianna Fail voters in the country. The gut republicanism of De Valera, based on mistrust of the British, is the bedrock on which his party relies for its support. Its historic task is the reunification of the country. Mr Lynch cannot afford to compromise any further with Westminster over British policy in the north. He would almost certainly like to retire before the next election. One of the main reasons he cannot do so is the north. He has to stay long enough to ensure succession for the candidate of his choice, almost certainly his tough pragmatic deputy, George Colley, rather than risk its going to the much more popular and avowedly Republican, Charles Haughey.

It is a long way from the grand and dangerous simplicities of the world of Lieutenant General Timothy Creasey. The great thing about Oman, from a soldier's point of view, was that very few people knew about it or cared. That isn't true of Northern Ireland. If anything was learnt from last week's events it was that the Provisional IRA still have the capacity to make it a world story, a lesson they themselves are unlikely to forget. It is also an area in which men of some power and influence in the world now have an active interest in achieving a solution – or, as the Lieutenant General might put it 'in facing up to facts and getting the measure of the problem.'

In an interview after the Mountbatten murders an IRA leader in Belfast said that they were always being told that they could not break Britain's resolve. If Hitler had not been able to how could a gang of terrorists hope to do so? The interviewee made the point that there was one important difference: England had no choice but to fight Hitler, whereas she can get out of Northern Ireland whenever it suits her. Mr Lynch knows that, as do the majority of Irish people, north and south. It is the Irish premier's most compelling claim to be listened to and to be taken seriously. For Ireland and her people there is no easy option of withdrawal.

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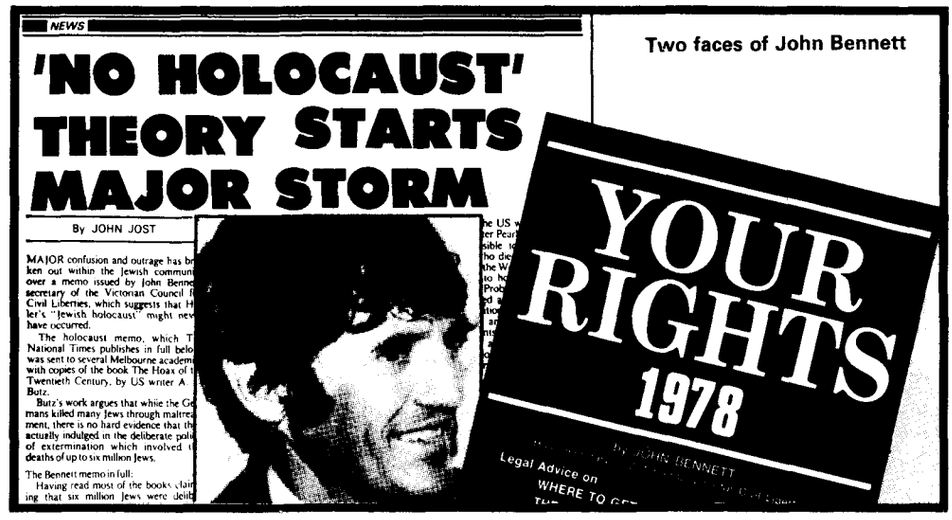
NAZIS 1
Reuben Ainsztein

An Australian view of Holocaust and genocide

Hoaxes galore

ALTHOUGH FRANCO HAS been dead for some time now, Spain remains a safe asylum for a number of leading European Fascists who during the Second World War helped Germany to oppress their own countries and exterminate their Jewish fellow-citizens. Léon Degrelle, the leader of the Fascist movement in Belgium before the war and an outright traitor after the German occupation of his country in May 1940, still feels so safe in Spain, despite the death sentence passed on him by a Belgian court after the war, that he has just written a book calling on the European Right to accept the Neo-Nazis as honourable allies. His gall is such that in his book he included an 'Open letter to the Pope about Auschwitz' in which he informed the Pope that there were no gas chambers or mass murders in Hitler's Third Reich and that the Jews who lost their lives in the concentration camps had been killed by American and British bombings. One can only wonder what sort of calculations have made Degrelle address such a letter to a Polish Pope, who himself escaped by a hairsbreadth being arrested by the Germans and sent to Oświęcim where half a million 'Aryan' Poles were martyred.

In a world where Brazil's Supreme Federal Court can refuse to extradite Gustav Wagner even to Western Germany, where mass murderers as monstrous as Wagner himself have been known to be promptly released on health grounds after receiving a life sentence, one must not be surprised by anything. However, the case of John Bennett, 'an honours graduate in both law and arts' as he describes himself, and Secretary of the Victorian Council for Civil Liberties since its foundation in 1966, must make one sit up. Especially as he is also employed at the Australian Attorney-General's Department and in the Australian Legal Aid Office. A Civil Rights publication entitled *Your Rights 1979, Including You and Your Neighbour*, written by John Bennett, describes the work of his organisation as being the defence of ordinary Australians against 'arbitrary government



Two faces of John Bennett

actions, police conduct, freedom of speech, freedom of association and invasions of privacy . . .' The author appears to be the kind of good democrat and libertarian one would expect from an organisation devoted to the defence of fundamental civil liberties.

But what makes John Bennett so remarkable is that he combines his truly Australian concern for individual freedoms *in Australia* with a determination to expose 'the hoaxes of the 20th century'. These hoaxes are 'the legend' that Stalin killed 20 million Soviet people; the 'Zionist' fabrication of the lie of the extermination of some six million Jews by Hitler's Germany; the tale that Amin murdered a quarter of a million Ugandans; and, the latest hoax of them all, the preposterous invention of mass genocide in Cambodia by the Khmer Rouge. What is even more remarkable is that Bennett's pathological ravings have been treated seriously and debated at great length in the Australian *National Times*, *The Age* and *National Review*. Thus Bennett's 2,000-word letter in *National Review* (28.6.1979) claims that the extermination of European Jewry is a fabrication of American Zionists to justify the seizure of Palestine by Jews; that there were no gas chambers in any German camp; and that the only Jews who died in German concentration camps were those who died from epidemics and malnutrition for which the Germans were not responsible; their death rate 'was comparable to the death rate in the British concentration camps during the Boer War' Finally, 'The Holocaust legend is . . no more reliable than the atrocity stories about genocide in Cambodia and Uganda, or the 20 million killed by Stalin legend'.

John Bennett must be very popular among the Dutch SS men and the Ukrainian and Croat mass murderers, traitors and collaborators whom Australia welcomed in their thousands after the collapse of Hitler's New Order. But, of course, nobody would wish to deny him the freedom of speech that is a fundamental part of Australian democracy, even if he is using it in such a manner as to undermine and destroy it. But is the Civil Liberties movement in Australia so plain stupid as to entrust the Victorian Council for Civil Liberties to him?

NAZIS 2

How the NF lost World War II

Francis Wheen writes: In Britain, John Bennett's case has been taken up by an organisation not noted for its concern with civil liberties – the National Front. 'Mr Bennett is the latest figure of repute and respectability to endorse the findings of American Professor Arthur R. Butz in his book *The Hoax of the Twentieth Century*, which argues that the gas chamber extermination charges are a post-war fabrication', said the March issue of *Spearhead*, the journal owned by NF chairman John Tyndall.

Spearhead's glowing write-up of Bennett is no surprise, as the magazine is edited by Richard Verrall, the young Director of Administration for the NF. Verrall has a bit of an obsession about the Holocaust 'Hoax': in 1974 he wrote, under the pseudonym Richard Harwood, a pamphlet entitled *Did Six Million Really Die?* which purported to show that the gas chambers were an invention of post-war historians. The pamphlet impressed the NF hierarchy, and Verrall rose swiftly in the party.

The current attitudes of Verrall and other NF leaders towards Nazi Germany are worth examining in the light of the party's frequent and vehement denials that it has anything to do with 'Nazism'. Everyone knows the famous quotes from the early sixties ('Hitler was right. The Jew is the maggot of society.' – Martin Webster 1962) but these days Webster and John Tyndall say of that era: 'We were young men, we made many mistakes.' Yet an examination of their subsequent writings shows that the NF leaders' views on Hitler and Nazism have remained consistent.

Take, for example, the new issue of *Spearhead*, which carries the following letter to the editor:

> Sir: Interesting as your comments are suggesting that the so-called 'Holocaust' is a post-war fabrication – I have an open mind on the subject – is it really relevant to our problems today and does it not needlessly arouse our enemies?

To which Richard Verrall replies that 'it is very relevant – because criticism of racialism is coming increasingly to rely on the argument that racialism led to the Holocaust . . . If it is not true . . . then one of the most emotive arguments against the racialist cause is seen to be a hoax in itself.' And Verrall matches words with action: the same issue contains a stirring defence of Nazi camp commandant Gustav Wagner.

Yet we are told that the NF 'has many Jewish members including prominent branch organisers The National Front does not intend to be diverted into the blind alley of anti-semitism.' The Jewish members doubtless read with interest an extraordinary article in the *Spearhead* for May/June 1979 Headed 'Did We Win in 1945 – A "Victor" Looks Back', the piece consisted of the pre-war and post-war reflections of an unnamed 'senior American diplomat'. This fellow believed that 'knocking off Germany to make way for the century of the common man – read Jews and various other unattractive types in charge – is hardly an honourable occupation.' The Nazis were 'the first White men to stand up in Europe for hundreds of years.' and 'America and England could have joined with Hitler in ruling the world.'

Why should the NF, which is so desperate to present itself as a 'respectable' party, circulate such a straightforward piece of Nazi propaganda? The answer can be found in an interview Martin Webster gave to the *Sunday People* in the early sixties: 'My father thinks my political views are temporary. But I can assure him and everyone else that my belief in Nazism becomes only stronger. It will save Britain.'

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Autumn Programmes from London Weekend Television

IT'LL BE ALRIGHT ON THE NIGHT, the second anthology of 'Bloopers and No-Good Takes' from feature films and television, presented by Denis Norden.

TWO PEOPLE, a modern drama series about adolescent love and the family conflicts it provokes, starring Gerry Cowper and Stephen Garlick.

BABYLON, a series of Adult Education programmes about young black people, the first generation born in England.

FAITH BROWN, star discovery from 'Who Do You Do ?', impersonates a host of stars in a series of her own shows.

MUHAMMAD ALI'S GREATEST HITS, Muhammad Ali prompted by celebrity guests, recalls memorable moments from his career, and reveals the secrets of his success.

WEEKEND WORLD, LWT's weekly, hour-long current affairs programme presented by Brian Walden.

THE SOUTH BANK SHOW, LWT's weekly programme about the arts, edited and presented by Melvyn Bragg (pictured with Norman Mailer in a programme for the new series).

SEARCH FOR A STAR, television's newest talent show, searching for undiscovered stars within the entertainment profession.

THE DO-GOODERS, an Adult Education series investigating the world of social workers.

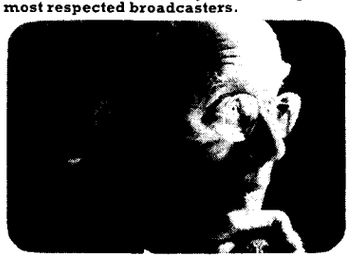
FREDDIE STARR'S VARIETY MADHOUSE, mad-cap humour from one of television's most original comic talents in a new series.

BRIAN MOORE MEETS KEVIN KEEGAN, an hour-long portrait of 1979's 'European Footballer of the Year' by one of the sport's most respected broadcasters.

BLESS ME FATHER, with Arthur Lowe as Father Duddleswell in a second series of this popular comedy.

WORLD OF SPORT, produced every Saturday for the ITV network and introduced by Dickie Davies.

THE GLUMS, Frank Muir and Denis Norden's hilarious family in their own series of half-hour shows, starring Jimmy Edwards, Ian Lavender and Patricia Brake.



CREDO, LWT's religious current affairs series for the ITV network. Picture shows Doctor Donald Coggan, Archbishop of Canterbury.

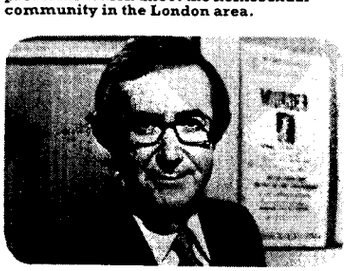
MIND YOUR LANGUAGE, with Barry Evans as the eager young optimist teaching foreigners to speak English.

GAYS, a series of half-hour current affairs programmes exploring issues and problems which affect the homosexual community in the London area.

THE LONDON PROGRAMME, the current affairs programme for the LWT area, introduced by Godfrey Hodgson.

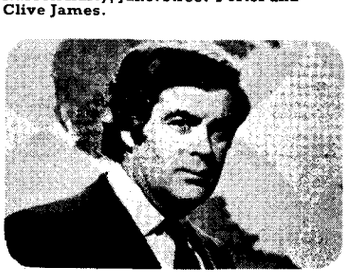
SATURDAY NIGHT PEOPLE, an irreverent look at people and institutions, with Russell Harty, Janet Street-Porter and Clive James.

BLACKS, a series of half-hour current affairs programmes about issues of concern to black people in London. Picture shows Lincoln Brown, a reporter on the series.



POLICE FIVE, produced in association with New Scotland Yard and introduced by Shaw Taylor.

THE BIG MATCH, the Sunday afternoon soccer special, with top commentator Brian Moore.



LOOK HERE, a monthly look at broadcasting itself, presented by John Pardoe.

LWT
London Weekend Television

Twenty-three programmes produced by London Weekend Television, the ITV station for the London area on-air every weekend from 7 pm Friday until closedown on Sunday.

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Pensions: the capitalist trap

Pension funds are the fastest growing concentration of economic power in Britain today. They finance most major property development, are the biggest lenders to the government and major shareholders in British industry. This is presented by some, especially by the right to disarm the left, as a democratising process almost heralding the end of capitalism. However, with over 30 funds accounting for almost two thirds of pension fund assets a couple of hundred people are in control of the new commanding heights. BOB DUMBLETON & JOHN SHUTT report.

Michael Bennett

IN SWANSEA LAST YEAR we were trying to save some houses from demolition and stood a fair chance because developers were not rushing to implement the Council's new town centre shopping plans. The arrival of the mine-workers' pension fund changed all that. A road now takes customers over the ground where houses stood into the shopping precinct financed by the miners' fund. There is plenty of evidence that the mining communities around Swansea suffer from the concentration of amenities in the town centre but the Labour leaders of Swansea Council welcomed the miners' money as some sort of historic justice.

In Cardiff, the year before, the Labour leader made the same 'blood of the miners' speech when the miners' pension fund arrived for shop and office development. The fund expects a 9-10 per cent return on its £15 million investment. Cardiff ratepayers will pay more than this buying up land and building the essential infrastructure to set up the deal for the miners' fund and their partners, the Heron Corporation. In return, despite the increased rateable values, the citizens of Cardiff will make a regular loss, will get another standardised precinct and subway town centre. The £40 million of public and private investment will do next to nothing for Cardiff's high unemployment after the steelworks closure, nothing for the town's extensive housing problem and nothing for the derelict mining valleys ten miles up the road.

In Cardiff last week the BP pension fund increased some of the ground rents they charge to mainly working class tenants on Lord Bute's estate (bought in 1967), from under £3 to more than £200. In the past, in a slummy Housing Action Area, down by the derelict steelworks, the fund's agents, selling leases under the terms of the Leasehold Reform Act, have been demanding £2,000 per house for the leases; the district valuer assessed their worth at £200.

In Porthcawl last year, at the South Wales Miners' conference the left-wing platform was surprised and irritated by a resolution challenging the priorities of the miners' fund. This has included an indirect involvement in some seamy mortgage business undertaken by the fringe bank Cedar Holdings – also backed by the pension funds of the electricity industry and Unilever and Phoenix Assurance.

The life of worker and trades unionist as capitalist is bound to be full of ironies. What do Messrs Gormley, McGahey, Daly, Williams and Clark think when they sit as the National Union of Mineworkers trustees on the Investment sub-committee and read their stockbrokers' advice to buy Racal shares: 'The main expanding markets for defence equipment are the new rich developing countries and South America'? Or their own investment managers' advice on Lucas shares: 'We think the outlook for Lucas is quite attractive given reasonable labour relations'?[1] Are they pleased to discover that their latest property buy in the United States (Continental-Illinois Properties) looks good because the key residential bits are not subject to rent control?

Such questions will become sharper and more open when trades unionists are advised by their financial experts to buy hived-off nationalised industries, such as British Airways. The Tory trade secretary, taking up a recurrent theme on the Right, has suggested that fund ownership is closer to public ownership than the present nationalised form.

IN THE PAST DECADE the pension funds of 12 million people have emerged as a truly massive concentration of economic power. Their assets amounted to over £38 billion last year, with a further £13 billion of pension money managed by the insurance companies. Together the funds now invest something like 5 per cent ot total national income; last year this came to £3,188 million – only just behind the insurance industry's £3,376 million. By 1980 the pension funds will own a fifth of Britain's quoted companies. Already they account for more than half of institutional investment in property; with other financial institutions they dominate the market in government bonds. Stockbrokers Wood Mackenzie project that by 1985 the *annual* flow of funds for investment by pension funds will be £10 billion (at 1978 prices). Even today the £2 billion Post Office pension fund could pick up two or three major British companies or restore the 186 hospitals and clinics closed since 1973 with a *single year's* income.

The profound implications of this concentration of economic power are little discussed in the Labour movement: this week the TUC had its first serious, though short, debate on pension funds. The small print on the wages slip showing pension contributions is linked to the demolition and rebuilding of our city centres, the shifts in government policy and Britain's industrial decline by the intricate, but remote, web of finance capitalism. Workers are being enmeshed in this web in a way which reveals the almost total ideological bankruptcy of the movement about socialist aims and purposes.

We do not even need pension funds, in which contributions accumulate, to be invested and from which benefits are paid. The state pension scheme in this country and some pension schemes elsewhere are based on the 'pay-as-you-go' principle: today's wage earners pay for today's pensioners in the expectation that tomorrow's wage earners will pay for them. Private schemes grew up in the 19th century in the absence of state provision of any kind, bringing in, first of all, white collar and skilled workers in banks, insurance companies and the railways, together with local and central government officials.

Fuelled by the argument that if the employers went bust, the independent fund would secure the workers' interest, pension fund membership grew from 2.6 million to 6.3 million between the mid-thirties and the mid-fifties. Side by side private sector and public sector funds – nationalised industries and local authority workers – grew. (Some groups, such

[1] *NCB Superannuation Investments Sub-Committee, July 1978.*

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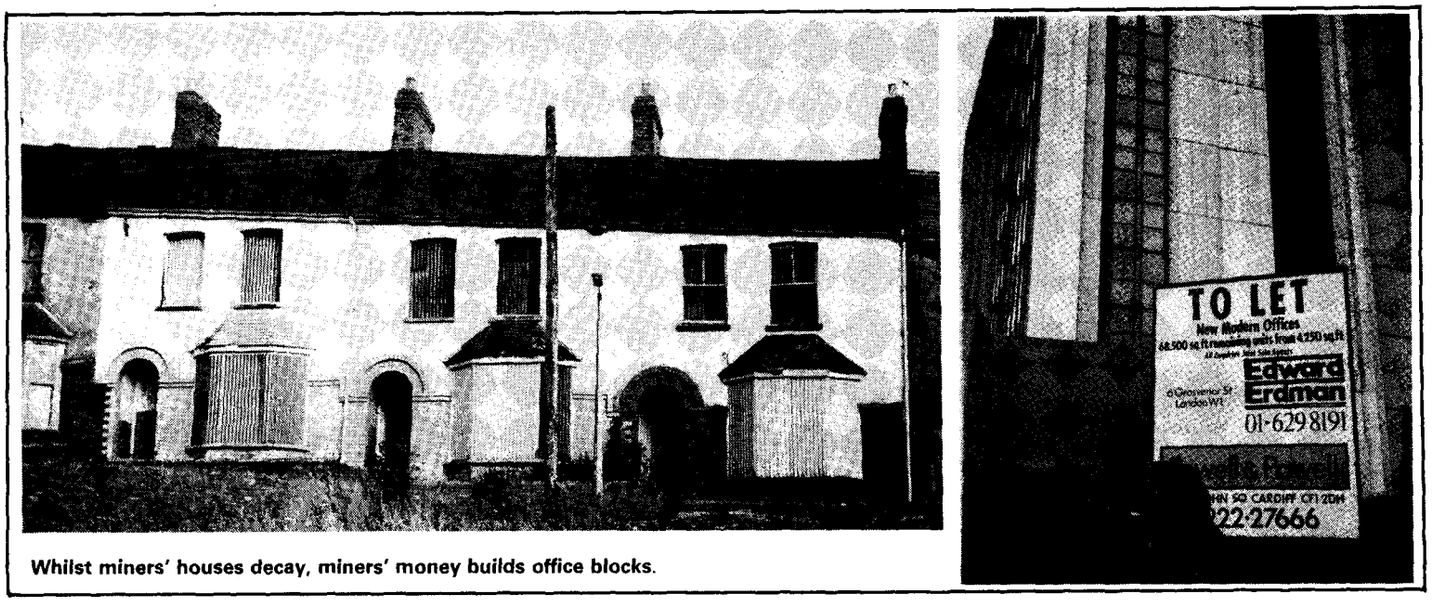

Whilst miners' houses decay, miners' money builds office blocks.

as teachers and the police, had separate arrangements with no proper funding.) In 1945 the Labour government nationalised industries such as the railways but did not nationalise the pension funds by taking them into the state scheme. Side by side the state's pay-as-you-go and private funded schemes became entrenched.

From 1954 to 1967 the numbers contributing to occupational pension schemes doubled as the state scheme proved inadequate, firms competed for labour and unions bargained over pensions in periods of wage restraint. The introduction in 1961 of state 'earnings related' pensions deliberately failed to make the state scheme sufficient. None of the attempts at major pensions reform (Crossman in 1967, Joseph in 1971 and Castle in 1975) suggested that the private schemes should be incorporated into a universal state system. Crossman's modestly redistributive proposals fell foul of the pensions and insurance industry, the Tories and some white collar unions. Keith Joseph's plan, rejected by Labour, even envisaged some subsidy *to* the private pensioners from the taxpayer. The Castle scheme will remain because it makes the private pensions sector an offer it can't refuse: the state takes the risk of their inflation proofing; the employers' liability to pay the new Guaranteed Minimum Pension remains fixed in cash terms.

Pension funding is a gamble on real economic growth. Mr Max Lander for the National Association of Pension Funds told the Wilson Committee[2] that on 'reasonable assumptions' the investment income of the funds would come to be twice as great as the contribution income. Pension funds, in other words, make paying pensions painless by paying them from growth rather than the taxpayer or public spending footing the bill under pay-as-you-go. However, lack of growth and inflation are making nonsense of such calculations. Deficits in the funds have already required large top-ups, with employers paying in large additional lump sums. The state, as employer, has topped up the NCB and Post Office funds with over £100 million – an item of public spending which goes to purchase shares and property. Mr Lander's extremely hopeful assumptions turn out to be a real rate of return on investment of about 1 per cent and single figure inflation. Sir Kenneth Bond, a member of the Wilson committee and a director of GEC, is less sanguine:

> I am just wondering myself with hindsight, whether in fact pension funds have entered into commitments, or entered into commitments some years ago, which they would not enter today because they know now that there are liabilities which they cannot possibly meet if the present trend continues.

THE FUND'S PROBLEM is to place the vast inflows of cash (over £1 million a day for the Post Office fund) so that they can match real liabilities in 20, 30, 40 years' time – pensions, that is, related to earnings at that time. You get some idea of the tight line being walked with our retirement hopes when you consider industrial profitability has been low, land and property are limited, gilt edged are fixed income stocks; investment decisions for the long term are inexorably made on the short term behaviour of these markets and anyway energy problems and technological upheavals could alter the terms of the game drastically. Talk to the pensions industry and you realise that the 'assumptions' are matters of faith and hope . . . if governments behave . . . if mixed capitalism is to survive . . . But, and here the argument elegantly traps the unsuspecting – if the assumptions don't hold 'the fact that the pension funds go bust will be the least of our worries.' In short, there is no magic about pension funding and economic growth: we shall pay for pensions just the same. There is no guarantee that pension funds can deliver what they promise.

The real appeal of funding is that it embodies the principle of jam tomorrow to take our minds off the bread and marge today. As the National Association of Pension Funds told the Wilson committee:

> . . . funded schemes emphasise from the outset the long-term cost of the benefit structure and are therefore less vulnerable to the pressures for improved benefits that develop so easily in the early years of pay as you go schemes. Many of the strains that are now apparent in the French and German systems are the result of concessions made in such areas as earlier retirement ages, where the cost implications are not immediately apparent in a pay-as-you-go system. It seems reasonable to conclude that the financial discipline inherent in a funded approach have assisted materially in avoiding similar developments in the UK . . .

Of course one man's financial discipline is another man's placement fee – £120,000 in the case of arranging the mineworkers' £4 million Swansea deal. In the Post Office pension fund four merchant banks have had the responsibility of managing parts of the fund – Schroder Wagg, Warburgs, Morgan Grenfell and Robert Fleming. At times they have given conflicting advice on what shares should be bought or sold and have, in effect, been buying and selling shares to each other. The pensions industry provides the opportunity for stockbrokers, merchant banks, estate agents and investment advisers to make a very reasonable living. In the process the workers' money finds its way into some very odd corners. The coalminers own whisky stocks and the Watergate Hotel and could lease you an aeroplane. The postmen have shares in the Grand Magasins du Louvre; the electricity workers own part of the (as yet unprofitable) Brighton Marina and Piccadily Circus. The railwaymen own Picassos and a Wagner manuscript. Others have farmlands and forests, kruggerands, jewels and metals. But the staple fare are equities, gilts and property (see table on page 337).

Between the workers and their assets stand the trustees and the professional fund managers. In the nationalised industries the trades unions have equal representation on the trustee boards; in the private sector such representation has been largely resisted. Labour's plan for this, pursued without much enthusiasm, fell with the government. The TUC's demand is for equal worker/employer representation. The Economist Intelligence Unit thinks this a good idea too:

> Whenever trade union representatives become trusted they are just as keen, if not more so, to act in a capitalist fashion.

Mr Hugh Jenkins, investment manager for

HUMANISM, ATHEISM, DISBELIEF

Readers interested in the current arguments against religion are invited to get a free copy of the *New Humanist*, edited by Nicolas Walter, or a list of books from its publisher: Rationalist Press Association, 88 Islington High Steet, London N1.

[2] *Committee to Review the functioning of financial institutions. Chairman Sir Harold Wilson Report expected later this year.*

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the miners' fund was asked about participation: 'In 26 years of equal participation it had no marked effect at all.' (Wilson Committee). Under the Trustees Acts of 1925 and 1961 trustees have no option but to go for the highest rate of return, as defined by the state of the investment market and their financial advisers. The legal advisers to the Coal Board pension fund warned that to take money out of South Africa could be open to legal challenges unless it could be proved to be on financial grounds.

PENSION FUNDS CONTRIBUTE astonishingly little to industrial investment. Most capital investment is financed by companies' own profits, with bank borrowing taking up the rest:

> Insurance companies and pension funds purchase shares in the stock market from the personal sector. Industry does not receive any of the vast quantities of funds moving to and fro between the personal sector and the institutional investors. The impression given by the insurance companies and the pension fund managers that they are major providers of new capital for industry is totally misleading.[3]

Sensitive to the criticism that they were starving industry of investment funds the institutions have set up schemes to channel money to industry directly. But the take-up has been poor. The coal miners' fund and Electra Trust set up Development Capital Investments, which has so far invested only £1.05 million in three companies. Moracrest Investments – backed by the Pru, the Midland Bank and the British Gas pension fund – has so far invested only in 15 companies. As the National Association of Pension Funds – among many others – told the Wilson committee:

> . . . the problem has been, and remains, the lack of demand for capital on terms which pension funds can accept.

In other words, in the considered view of Britain's fund managers the price of stopping our industrial decline is too high: it would put our pensions, our long term security, at risk to pay it!

Fund managers have turned instead to property. Property absorbs large sums of money and its long term rental income fits the long term liabilities. On past form property has kept pace with inflation better than most investments. But, since the property and banking collapse of 1974 the pension funds have been pushed, gently and discreetly, more heavily into property. The first stage of the Bank of England's lifeboat operation involved the banks in shoring up their weaker brethren and many property companies. The second stage has involved the pension funds taking over many of the properties so the trusts could retreat from property. In other words, pensioners were conscripted to bale out the property and secondary banking sector. If you argue with a fund manager about his anti-social investments in South Africa or property speculation, he will tell you he is bound by his trustees to make the most profit. But different considerations apply when he has to please the Bank of England and the property and banking lobby. In future property booms and slumps, it will increasingly be pensioners' money riding the switchbacks.

Over a fifth of all pension funds' new investment now goes into property. In the nationalised industry funds the proportion is higher – over a quarter – and some of the very largest funds are putting between 35 and 40 per cent of their new money into property. Their recent buying sprees have helped the large, troubled property companies pay off their debts and survive. The Post Office and British Airways, for example, paid Town and City Properties £37.5 million for Berkeley Square House; Capital and Counties obtained £12 million from the Combined Petroleum Pension Fund to build the Eldon Square shopping centre in Newcastle and a year later, in March 1977, sold its Knightsbridge Estate to the BP pension fund for £45 million.

For a short period after the great property collapse there was a sense that different priorities would apply in city planning. There was optimistic talk of putting houses back in town centres; planning for the needs of neighbourhoods instead of town centre developers. The Labour Party promised a Community Land Act which would put people before developers' profits. But it turned out that the developers' profits would actually be going to the thousands of small savers on pensions and in insurance schemes. How successful the property lobby was in playing this splendid new card cannot be precisely known, but Labour unfroze business rents and forgot about the Community Land Act. Labour cabinet ministers such as Peter Shore said a healthy property market was necessary for the government to achieve its social and economic objectives. Only one part of this contract was kept.

Of course there is just enough truth in the argument for it to work: pension funds *are* big investors in property, property *does* occupy a central role in the financial system. Furthermore, the profits made from property can be large, but are rarely gigantic in relationship to, say, the size of a pension fund. Socialists who concentrate on the size of property company profits in the hope of discovering a large cache of money are likely to come to a sticky end. The property lobby played the 'thousands of small savers' card as the best way of saving their bacon and it worked. In picking it up so uncritically, the Labour government was deflected from the real consideration of whether or not the British economy is likely to be strengthened by the channelling of pension fund money into property development.

With the funds awash with cash, competing for prime property, which is in limited supply, and with new developments starting, we could be in for another property boom similar to that of the early seventies. But boom or slump, the property market is inexorably shaping our cities; clearing out the central working class communities; influencing the supply and price of land and building the new barbarisms. It is not the least achievement of the pension funds that they have helped to revive and establish this process in the name of our cosier futures. Bidding up asset values and creating new non-productive ones – such as shopping centres and office blocks – in the absence of matching productivity in the system is fuelling the inflation the pension funds profess so much to fear. The basis of property investment is the return provided by rents. Rental income cannot go on increasing in an economy that is not growing unless it is at the expense of other sectors, such as investors in industry. Presumably by the time we know how much the pension funds' insatiable appetite for property has cost us the investment

The pension fund giants

Public Sector	Total asset value* £ million	Local Authority	Total asset value £ million	Private	Total asset value £ million
British Airways	500	GLC	220	BP	518
British Gas	460	Gtr Manchester	205	ICI	694
British Rail	1,087	S. Yorks CC	77	Lucas	210
British Steel	970	W. Midlands CC	150	Shell	378
Electricity Supply	948	West Yorks	137	Unilever	380
National Coal Board	1,448				
Post Office	1,639				

* *Market values September 1977-April 1978.*

There are some 11½ million members of occupational pension schemes, which in March 1978 owned assets of over £38 billion, almost twice as much as in 1975. The major growth in the seventies has been in the public sector funds, where there are a handful of nationalised industries giants and 97 local authority funds. In the private sector, in 1975, there were 88,500 private schemes but only 920 had more than 1,000 members. Most smaller schemes are invested with insurance companies.

3. Britson, J. & Dobbins, R. The growth and impact of institutional investors. Report to the Institute of Chartered Accountants, 1978.

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"A little variability in the seasons adds colour to the passing days. A little variability in a wine can wreck a dinner party."

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Where the money goes

Pension Funds: new net investment each year

	Total £ million	Gilts %	Equities %	Property %
1970	733	11.7	53.8	16.2
1971	821	42.8	50.2	14.0
1972	960	11.8	62.2	16.4
1973	1,237	22.0	34.2	23.6
1974	1,445	3.4	17.6	22.3
1975	2,208	42.1	53.7	19.1
1976	2,971	41.3	38.3	19.5
1977	3,179	32.5	46.5	21.0
1978	3,695	34.8	40.3	19.8

manager and his developer partner will have retired to sunnier climes.

IN THE SEVENTIES the pension funds have also developed an appetite for government stock (see the table on page 337). From accounting for only 6 per cent of their annual new investment in 1974, pension fund purchases of gilts now take well over a third of each year's new money. To fund its borrowing requirement the government have had to offer high interest rates but still the funds would avoid fixed interest stocks if the alternatives were at all attractive.

The increasing size of the funds, the concentration of their decision making – work for the Wilson committee showed that 34 funds controlled 60 per cent of total fund assets – and their combined muscle with the insurance companies puts them in a position to dictate terms to the government. During 1976 and 1978 the Labour government faced at least three such investment strikes. By insisting on higher interest rates before buying gilts the institutions forced their own credit squeeze on the economy. It is another irony for the worker as capitalist in his pension fund, that by protecting his pension, he may be squeezing himself out of a job.

People in the City reject the term 'strike' to describe their behaviour. They stress that holding back from buying gilt was the independent action of 'hundreds of people' at the head of the institutions. They were 'performing a public service in providing an early warning that all was not right with the economy and the government's sums', says Mr Peter Moody, chief investment manager at the Pru. In fact, the government priced its needs and the institutions priced theirs; the institutions won.

In low growth Britain the government pays out large sums to its employees' pension funds only to find that the funds won't lend the money back again unless the terms are improved. The taxpayer pays more and Labour supporters gnash their teeth as policies are trimmed to the City wind. In France and Germany – where growth is higher – it is not thought essential to fund pensions. This is almost certainly due to the success of the insurance/pensions/finance lobby in Britain. Sue Ward, head of the pension department at the General and Municipal Workers Union says that the only explanation she can find for why so many companies have gone to the expense of 'contracting out' of the government's own pension scheme is the hard sell of the pensions industry.

Marxist theory is familiar with the contradictions of a system in which the vast savings which could transform productivity capacity are flowing into a process of investment which systematically refuses to do that job. But the originality of the system is to find the workers on both sides of it. Business ideologists such as Peter Drucker actually see the US funds as a 'distinct brand of socialism ... employees through their funds own, control and direct the country's capital value, ... profits become pensions. There is no surplus value, business revenue goes into the fund'. Britain's experience shows that owning, controlling and directing are not the same thing, but organisations like the TUC have been caught up in this confusion.

It is clear that the TUC demand for more participation in managing funds will not change the funds' role. The other TUC plank – and the most commonly heard suggestion – is that there should be some *direction* of funds into industry or socially useful projects. The document *Into the Eighties* suggests 'a new lending facility to which the institutions would contribute one half (£500 million each year) and which would be underwritten by the government'. Clive Jenkins in his latest book suggests that pension savings go specifically into investing in the micro-chip and the new technology. Again, the risk to the pensioners of such 'directed' investments would be underwritten by the government.

THE TUC'S POLICY was tacked on at research committee level without any debate through the movement. It copies what happens in some European, Scandinavian countries and Australia. For the pension fund investor, the new lending facility will hardly be different from investing in government stock except that the government will have an open commitment to redeem capitalist failure and call it socialism. The development agencies and the NEBs we already have contributed little to Britain's economic revival and even less to socialism.

The TUC clearly have problems in arriving at radical policies. NALGO have opposed even the modest proposal to direct a proportion of investment. This response is a measure of the damage that the pension funds have done to the working class movement. On the one hand we have deeply entrenched inequalities in pension provisions. On the other, funds which have saved the financial system, reinforced right-wing economic policies and sabotaged radical plans for socialising land and overhauling the planning system. Working class militancy has been compromised.

The miner in South Wales is most likely to live in some of the worst housing in the whole nation; he cannot retire until he is 62, the latest age in Europe. He and his colleagues have amassed over £1,000 million of economic and political power which is at present worth to him at most £8 a week for a lifetime's contributions.That power has built a new town centre and new road to go with it (which he pays for with his rates) some miles away, while his own shopping and local roads deteriorate further, and his wife and daughter might just be lucky enough to land a job with a Japanese television factory. The massed millions of pounds are his, but they exert their power against him and his family.

For socialists the uneven battle against the uncontrolled power of the pensions industry is long and hard. The case for pay-as-you-go pensions has to be put against some powerful vested interests, some of them in the Labour movement. There is no doubt that better information and involvement by the rank and file would have stopped some of the worst excesses of the last few years. But unions have been slow to build up pensions departments, and then they have concentrated on benefit bargaining rather than investment decisions. When taught, the latter have often come in descriptions from City consultants. There has never been a conference of union trustees of pension funds.

The sale of nationalised industries may stir up some debate; more information, including widely publicised comparative performance tables, would also stimulate interest. But more is needed – the railwaymen still voted for their fund's art buying policy. The mystique about bargaining and investment needs to be broken (Sue Ward: 'Anyone who can understand a piece-work system can understand pensions'.) There needs to be more curiosity about what happens to our money.

These changes need not induce paralysis. The Labour movement could establish a code on investment policy: no investment in South Africa, in anti-union firms, in property development against community interests, in Third World exploitation, in extortionate money lenders and asset strippers. The code could be elaborated in the case of overseas investment, takeovers and rationalisations.

This would certainly invite legal challenges to the trustees, raising the key issue of what is a profitable investment. This is more a matter of whimsical judgement than investment managers care to admit. In the early Seventies many of them judged the financing of speculative office developments to be profitable; they were wrong. Then, despite much evidence to the contrary, they judged the rescue of property companies and banks to be in the long term interests of the funds. Many of them refused to believe that Ferranti and Fodens had a future but the rescue of these companies paid off. In reality it is difficult, if not impossible, to judge what the outcome of today's investment decisions will be in five, ten or twenty years, let alone forty. There is little reason to believe that investment managers' concentration on short-term profitability with a hazy view of the future is a specially effective system for building the future. The power of the pension funds is growing apace. Workers already see the contradictions. Coventry builders talk of their work on spec. developments when there is a housing shortage; workers in Lucas, Chrysler and Rolls-Royce are anxious to find answers to the apparently intractable problems of decline. The pension funds could be a way of wading in finance capitalism, instead of drowning in it.

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BRAZIL
Stuart Holland

Multinationals support the liberalisation programme

The coming revolution?

LAST MONTH the *Jornal do Brasil* came up with a novel solution to Brazil's twin problems of hunger and disease. Nelson Chaves, a nutritional expert, suggested that starving workers should be encouraged to eat rats which, because of their diet of a broad range of refuse, have a high nutritional value. With its apparently unconscious echoes of Marie Antoinette, this modest proposal in a major meat exporting nation comes at a time when the regime of President General Joao Figueiredo is embarking on a period of liberalisation, under pressure from the Brazilian upper class and the foreign-owned multinationals. The appointment last month of Delfin Netto as the new minister of planning in the six month-old regime produced sighs of relief from the economic establishment who expect him to resist deflation and sustain Brazil's economic growth during the coming world recession. They can see that Brazil may be entering a classic revolutionary period in which the expectations raised among the industrial proletariat during a period of super-growth are dashed by faltering investment and rising inflation.

At the moment the Brazilian economy is still expanding at rates of growth which, although down on the double figures of the early seventies, have still managed to average 5-6 per cent in real terms over the past three years. However, inflation has never been less than 40 per cent since 1976 and looks like passing 50 per cent this year, with a rate of over 60 per cent on basic consumer items. Furthermore, Brazil has a persistent deficit on its visible export trade – which is anyway vulnerable to the sharp fluctuations in the price of basic commodities such as copper and coffee. As a result the country is deep in debt, with the cost of servicing foreign debt amounting to two-thirds of the value of exports last year.

In addition, the social fabric is threatened by the gross, and growing inequality of wealth and income. The most affluent 5 per cent of the economically active population receive 39 per cent of personal income, compared with 28 per cent in 1960. In contrast the poorest 50 per cent of the working population's share has fallen from 18 to 12 per cent. And these

Brazil's President: Joao Baptista Figueiredo.

figures may understate the problem: a large proportion of the population have no jobs at all and the basic minimum wage is, in real terms, less than half what it was 20 years ago.

A variety of factors has helped keep the lid on the system all this time. Partly, it is the vicious repression: strikes are illegal, political parties are either 'approved' or 'disapproved', political activists disappear without trace, radicals have their political rights 'suspended' and members of parliament have found their elections summarily annulled. There has been widespread torture and control of the press and television. But this does not explain fully why the dispossessed of the *favelas* have not marched the short distance to the luxurious penthouse suites at the end of the Ipanema beach in Rio, from which the managers of the multinational companies have a spectacular view over the shanty town slums on the hillside. In a major country undergoing such rapid change there has been just enough social mobility and real income growth, supported by periodic phases of liberalisation, to act as a safety valve.

THE CURRENT REGIME is in such a phase. A passionate equestrian, Figueiredo appears to have broken the prime rule of populism with the notorious remark that he prefers the smell of horses to that of people, but he has pushed on with some of the reforms of the previous Geisel regime. Explicit criticism of the government is allowed in the press, a partial amnesty for political prisoners and exiles has been granted and recent strikes have not necessarily been greeted with batons or tear gas. Some trades union leaders, such as the charismatic Lula, are gaining national reputations.

Much of the pressure for these reforms has come from the multinationals, who over the last 15 years have built up a commanding position in the Brazilian economy. Attracted by low wages, the lack of trades unions and rapid economic growth, foreign investment in Brazil grew at annual rates of 25 per cent in the early seventies. As a result, today there is foreign control of virtually all the motor vehicle and pharmaceutical industry and significant stakes in many others.

However, the Brazilian government has not been completely compliant. The state still controls mining, energy, steel, the public utilities, and the armaments industry. National private capital is strong in many industries, including agriculture, food and construction. As the main wave of accumulation ebbs out in many modern areas of the economy, the multinationals are looking at the scope for denationalisation and increasing multinational control in the private sector. Such ambitions might be frustrated by a military regime capable of bouts of nationalism. A democratic regime offers more chance of a weakened exercise in state power and offers the middle-upper class the prospect of a political role. It is possible that the opposition could fractionalise, the parties sharing office while capital still rules and the privileged classes are treated gently for fear of a return of the military.

Some of the opposition groups seem aware of the limited prospects and the trades union leaders maintain a pragmatic reserve. Nevertheless there is an air of confidence among some of the leading politicians and intellectuals. Countrywide demonstrations on 14 August demanding a general amnesty for political prisoners did not meet with repression and the opposition are clearly increasing their strength in the senate and parliament. Demonstrators outside the City Hall in downtown Rio, addressed by leaders of the opposition, shouted in Portuguese the slogan familiar to those in Brazil's mother country after April 1974: 'The people united will never be defeated.' It is possible that in granting the political freedom they have, the Brazilian military have opened a Pandora's box which neither they nor foreign interests will be able easily to close.

CARIBBEAN

In the wake of Hurricane Gairy

Chris Searle writes: After a revolution, you would expect to see slogans painted on walls. In St George's, Grenada, one of the original inspirations of the people – following the 13 March seizure of power after Eric Gairy's two decades of corruption and maladministration – was to paint their messages on the roads. The scenic capital clambers up the steep, tropical hills from its harbour, and its roads seem almost vertical. So as you climb the roads you read the white paint on the tarmac ahead of you: 'Long Live the People's Revolutionary Government', 'Stay up Grenada', or 'Forward to Socialism'.

Almost everyone has a tale to tell about the deposed Gairy: how he bribed someone here, how so-and-so's daughter was compelled to give sexual favours to a high civil servant to keep her job, how such-and-such a trade unionist was beaten up by one of his 'mongoose men', how he put 'obeah' or magic on someone else . . . 'Gairy?' exclaimed a 95 year-old lady living on a hillside in Carriacou, a nearby island that forms a part of Grenada. 'He was Satan. Now, good luck to Bishop and the boys.' And when the organisers of the island's regatta, in which the locally-built wooden schooners contest for grace and speed, were looking for the town steel band to head the annual dance and jump-up in the streets, they were told that the boys weren't around anymore. They'd all volunteered for the People's Revolutionary Army, the Grenadian militia which patrols the beaches at nights, guarding the island's coastlines against the possibility of mercenary attack.

The support for the new government is clearly broad and sweeping. At a concert I attended, organised by a Catholic youth group, there was a strange amalgam of songs. After one group of youngsters sang a song thanking God for 'the crumbs off the table', three more young men marched onto the stand backed by a reggae band, singing a firm and defiant song of revolutionary advance, to rousing cheers from a teenage audience. The tourists who stop in their hundreds from the large tourist boats docking at St George's are met with the usual polite and helpful attitude by Grenadians, but they now pass some new scenery – including a large banner of the local Fishermen's Co-operative which flaps over

Grenada's former President, Eric Gairy (left) and his successor, Maurice Bishop (right).

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the harbour: 'Let those who labour hold the reins.'

In the early seventies, Bernard Coard, who is the Minister for Finance, Trade, Industry and Planning as well as Prime Minister Maurice Bishop's Deputy, was a schoolteacher in East London. He wrote a very influential book: *How the West Indian Child is made Educationally Sub-normal in the British School System.* Now he plans the economy of the country of his birth, taking on the disastrous consequences of the Gairy era which the people call 'Hurricane Gairy'.

'Can you image a constant hurricane wind for 30 years? That is the situation we've inherited,' he says. 'Gairy left us an unbelievable mess. Millons upon millions of dollars of taxpayers' money raped from the treasury – disappeared. Can't be found anywhere. There are people who haven't seen water in their pipes for five years. Roads – terrible. Medical facilities – non-existent. No sheets or pillows on hospital beds, no medicines – not even aspirins, no qualified nurses, only three ambulances to cover the whole country, and they didn't work. School buildings collapsing, no school books or uniforms. Half the population out of work and 40 per cent illiterate.'

The new and sometimes revolutionary wind blowing through the Caribbean has not only caused the USA to send a high-level diplomatic investigative team into the area to find out what is going on, but has also caused the three new governments of the Eastern Caribbean to meet a month ago in St George's under the slogan, 'One Caribbean'. For the Grenadian Revolution presaged a general strike in Dominica on the ousting of Prime Minister Patrick John, whose dealings with South Africa had come to light; and an electoral victory for the St Lucia Labour Party, which ejected the American-inclined government of John Compton, with its very hostile attitude towards the new Grenada.

De-stabilisation tactics which Gairy is engineering are being carefully monitored as the government attempts to effect his extradition from America. In the meantime, it is clear that the *Torchlight*, Grenada's twice-weekly newspaper, has been running a campaign markedly hostile to the new government's policies. In addition to revealing the exact locations of Grenada's defence installations, it has published a series of articles on Cuba, designed to undermine the friendship developing between the two countries.

These syndicated articles, by a 'prominent American photojournalist', one Fred Ward, are advertised in the *Torchlight* as 'a compelling account of life under communism in the Caribbean', but appear designed to raise suspicions and opposition to the fraternal aid – including 12 doctors – being given to Grenada by Cuba. In one of Ward's articles, a Cuban secretly confides to him: 'Cuba is not for Cubans now. It is only for the Russians. Look around, they are everywhere. It was a lot better when the Americans were here.' The same issue displays a headline made from a quotation of John Harrell, 'Founder of the Christian Conservative Churches', which reads: 'Communism is the boiled-down evil of all the generations.'

However, the enthusiastic response by Grenadians to the Cuban links tells a different story – including the warm and joyous reception given to the Cuban Cultural Group which toured Grenada and played to bursting audiences in the villages in June, and the appreciation shown by Grenadians for the medical work being done by the Cuban doctors. As I travelled between Grenada and Carriacou on the small nine-seater plane, a young mother told me how she had needed a caesarian birth, which had been performed by a Cuban doctor in the hospital at St George's. 'If Gairy had still been here, my baby would not have been,' she said.

PROPAGANDA
Stephen White

The Soviet 'education' system isn't working

The comrades lament

THE SOVIET AUTHORITIES are worried: their propaganda and agitational work, essential to the education of the masses in the struggle for communism, is an abysmal failure. *Pravda* of 6 May contained an unusually frank indictment of 'weaknesses and shortcomings' of this work and details of a series of measures designed to bring about a radical improvement. The commitment of the Central Committee to such a programme follows a series of empirical studies on the content of, attendance at and response to political lectures and education classes which have documented this failure in unprecedented detail.

In the first place, the motives for attendance seem to have fallen rather short of the mass enthusiasm that party officials must have hoped for. In the towns of Taganrog and Saransk over a third of those attending political lectures reported that the main reason for their attendance was 'party discipline', 'administrative pressure' or a 'feeling of duty or obligation'. In Moscow, Chita and Polotsk just over half of those polled reported that they attended their political education classes 'unwillingly'. Most remarkable of all, in a Leningrad factory three-quarters of the respondents showed such a lack of enthusiasm and 5 per cent said they attended simply because they 'did not wish to offend the lecturer'. This interesting finding was omitted from the published version of this report.

The expressed preferences of those attending political lectures and educational classes must have given little more satisfaction to party officials. There is more interest in current affairs than political theory; more interest in foreign affairs than domestic matters; and sport, culture and morality are more popular than marxist economics and philosophy, as a study in Taganrog (see table) – which is a good guide to the general trend – shows. The most popular subjects are not as well provided for as others, which probably explains why 30 per cent of those polled in Chelyabinsk were not aware of the subject of the lecture to which they were proceeding. The vast majority (74.3 per cent) thus made no preparation.

THE CONTENT of lectures and classes has also given rise to concern. Many lecturers ignore local interests, say nothing new and do their best to avoid answering awkward or controversial questions. Some restrict themselves to reading out newspaper articles and prepared texts including the obvious grammatical and other errors. Surveys in Taganrog and Georgia found that only 3.9 per cent and 7.3 per cent respectively thought they gained new political information from the lectures.

Even the formal education system is failing. An investigation in Moscow and Tomsk found that at the end of a year of study at the second level, a quarter of those polled were unable to define 'proletariat', or 'productive forces'; and almost half were unable to define 'dictatorship of the proletariat'. Surveys also show that the educational and propaganda programme has generally little impact on political behaviour: in one survey only 5 per cent answered unequivocally that they felt better equipped to take part in political work.

Attendance at political lectures is often poor: in Tomsk almost 40 per cent of those polled had attended no political information sessions in the last three months and as many as 65 per cent had attended no agitational lectures. The deputy head of the Central Committee Propaganda Department has warned that the party may simply be 'informing the informed and agitating the agitated'.

Although attempts have been made in recent years to improve the qualifications of lecturers and the content, form and conduct of courses it is doubtful if this will be sufficient, among other things because access to the western media has increased enormously. Half the Soviet population, for instance, can now receive western radio broadcasts, compared with 2 per cent in 1940 and 8 per cent in 1950. Even Krushchev in retirement listened to the BBC, Voice of America and Deutsche Welle and at least a fifth of the Soviet urban population is estimated to do likewise. It does not follow that the more the Soviet public learns about capitalism, with its unemployment, inflation and industrial disruption, the more they will wish to imitate it. But the Soviet propagandists' job is certainly made harder, as is shown by the reply of the elderly Chinese emigré interviewed in Hong Kong in the sixties. When asked what he thought of Yugoslavia: 'It is a pseudosocialist country run by revisionist hyenas in the pay of American capitalism,' he said. And where would he ideally like to live? 'Well, in Yugoslavia, for example.' Why? 'It seems that in pseudosocialist countries run by revisionist hyenas in the pay of American capitalism, oil and cotton are not rationed.'

What the comrades want to hear

Workers in Taganrog were asked: Are you interested in the following subjects and would you like to improve your knowledge of them? (percentages)

	Population as a whole			Those attending lectures			Those not attending lectures		
	Yes	No	Don't Know	Yes	No	Don't Know	Yes	No	Don't Know
Marxist-Leninist philosophy	37	28	35	45	20	35	17	44	38
Political economy	40	27	31	50	20	30	22	44	34
Scientific communism	37	26	37	45	19	36	19	41	40
History of the CPSU	50	23	26	59	15	26	33	38	29
Current international affairs	96	2	2	99	1	0	91	5	4
Current national affairs	95	2	3	96	1	3	92	4	4
Current local affairs	94	2	4	96	1	3	87	5	8

Stephen White is a lecturer in politics at the University of Glasgow. This article is based upon his book, Political Culture and Soviet Politics, *which was published last month by Macmillan.*

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London Diary

☐ I can't help feeling sorry for Terry Duffy. Only two years ago, when he fought as a 'moderate' against the left for the presidency of the engineering union (AUEW), he was the darling of the entire press. Thatcher's daily (which some people call the *Sun)* almost adopted him, and Terry responded with a sensitive statement to the effect that his workers loved to goggle at naked women in newspapers.

Now this same Terry is holding the country to ransom, not to say tearing apart the fabric of society as we know it. He leads an official two-day-a-week strike of two million engineering workers, the first official wages strike called by the Confederation of Shipbuilding and Engineering Unions since 1957. The press have deserted their darling, and have wormed their way into the cracks in the dispute. Last Saturday, the *Daily Telegraph* started off its main front-page story with the usual: ANTI-STRIKE REVOLT ON SHOP FLOOR. It rambled on for 34 paragraphs about every anti-strike revolt it could find, but concluded in paragraph 35:

> General indications in the North were that any actions by workers seeking to defy the strike instruction would be scattered and confined to relatively small groups of people with little organised backing.

Why so solid? Previous engineering strikes have been bedevilled by the difference between the nationally-negotiated minimum wage and real earnings, pushed up by local militancy. What was the point of going on a strike which affected only about half of your earnings? Labour's wage freezes, which came down especially hard on local agreements and shop floor militants, stopped all that. In March 1975, the national minimum wage for engineering workers was 65 per cent of real average earnings. By October 1978, the percentage had risen to 79. Now an increase in the minimum is really worth fighting for; which is why Mr Duffy's call to arms has now been greeted, to his horror, with unusual militancy and determination. It will take all his guile to get him off the hook.

☐ Sorry to go on about strikes but someone asked me the other day why television workers on strike are getting such a raw deal from the newspapers. Well, let me start with Anglia Television, 22 per cent of which is owned by the *Guardian,* and 10 per cent by Eastern Counties Newspapers. To continue. Lonrho, which owns the Glasgow *Herald,* also owns 14 per cent of Border Television, whose chairman is Sir John Burgess, a Cambrian Newspapers board member. Blow me if the Oscar Henderson who is chairman of Ulster Television isn't the same fellow who has a seat on the board of Century Newspapers. And the ubiquitous Sir Iain Stewart of Scottish Television can also be contacted at Express Newspapers, where he is a director. Further South, 12.8 per cent of London Weekend Television is owned by News International, which also owns the *Sun* and the *News of the World,* and I can't help thinking that this Evelyn de Rothschild who sits on the LWT Board has something to do with with the *Economist* (by jove, I've remembered, he is the chairman of it). The *Observer* and the *Telegraph* each own 11 per cent in LWT, while the unlucky *Express* has to put up with only 8 per cent of ATV. ATV is based in the Midlands, so naturally another 5 per cent of its shares have been handed over to the Birmingham *Post and Mail*. One of the most influential directors of ATV, by the way, is Sir Alex Jarrett, chairman of Reed (*Daily Mirror, Sunday Mirror, Sunday People,* every women's magazine which ever existed in the whole history of the world, and so on).

Shall I go on? Why not? John Linacre, who is a director of United Newspapers, which owns the *Yorkshire Post, Punch* and a few other titles, is a director of Yorkshire Television. Just to make sure, the *Yorkshire Post* itself has 8 per cent of the YTV shares. And finally, just in case you think I can't work up to a climax, you should know that Associated Newspapers (*Daily Mail, Evening News,* etc etc) have no less than 37.5 per cent of Southern Television. Another 25 per cent is owned by D. C. Thomson, the Dundee newspaper and comics group which never has any trouble with trade unions because it bans them.

☐ The Chief Constable of Merseyside, Mr Kenneth Oxford, has a number of awkward decisions to take about the allegations of police brutality in his area, outlined in some detail by Rob Rohrer in the NS. I hope Mr Oxford can do a little better than he did 18 years ago, when he was the detective sergeant in the A6 murder inquiry. On 12 October 1961, Mr Oxford and his senior officer Robert Acott travelled to Blackpool to interview their suspect, James Hanratty. The interview was conducted by Acott and notes of it were written down by Oxford. The remarks Hanratty was alleged to make incriminated him in the subsequent murder trial, at which he was convicted, and later hanged. Yet Oxford's notes of the interviews were not read back to Hanratty or signed by him, as the Judges' Rules insisted they should be.

☐ Fascinated by Christopher Hitchens' item last week about the confrontation on television between David Dimbleby and Sir James Goldsmith KBM (Knighted by Marcia), I searched out a friend who had taken a recording of it. I was absolutely thrilled to find myself exposed by Sir James as the 'key man', not to say 'the central figure' in a far-flung conspiracy to strike at the nerve centre of British capitalism, Slater Walker.

I was, perhaps, a little disappointed to find that the instrument for this coup was *Private Eye,* a magazine whose political inspiration (in so far as it has one) is rather right-wing, but I brightened up a lot when Sir James explained that I had managed to lay this plot in 1975, when I was not working, writing or even contributing to *Private Eye*! Readers who doubt my phenomenal revolutionary powers must realise that they are exactly as Sir James reveals them. The only alternative is that Sir James is suffering from an advanced stage of hallucinatory paranoia – an illness which is, I understand, very unlikely in a self-made millionaire who has fought his way up to the top with nothing but a huge inheritance and an education at Eton to assist him.

'I do not care very much for the see-through society', says Sir James, and goes on to stick up for his right to privacy – not just in his private life, you understand, but in his business affairs as well. It would, he considers, be a sad day for 'civilised society' if a man cannot do as he wishes with his very own £2,500m. and 70,000 workers.

Sir James has hit upon a striking new way to continue his fight against disclosure. He is to start a news magazine.

☐ 'Light and darkness are, upon the whole, tolerably distinguishable.' But not to Tom Foot, O, who shows nothing but contempt for Burke's nostrum. By day he sleeps like an angel, but at night he wakes to perfect the waking torture with a noise more ceaseless and ruthless than anything Special Branch could dream up. I realise that I am paying penance for transgressions during my time on the branch committee of the Magazine and Book branch of the National Union of Journalists. Paternity leave was treated then as a comfortable extra to be included in agreements only to be negotiated away in favour of some more tangible advantage.

I am now convinced. Paternity leave is not a perk. It is a necessity. Gary Morton, secretary of Magazine and Book branch, tells me that things have improved since my time on the committee, but not much. Some publishers have conceded definite periods of paid paternity leave. But IPC only grants paid paternity leave in 'appropriate cases' and the journalists at the Labour Party only get it 'when justified in exceptional circumstances'. But at least a third of all the agreements at least mention paternity leave. How many do in mining or in engineering? None, I suspect. And how much unnecessary exhaustion and despair is caused as a result?

☐ Enough of this. I am off with a lot of enthusiasm but without a lot of hope to work for the mass media, in the shape of the *Daily Mirror.* Are these media, completely averse to publishing information? Does the cheque book rule out all genuine intercourse between informant and journalist? I haven't worked in Fleet Street for 13 years, so I'm not entirely sure. And anyway it's an offer I can't refuse. So I won't be able to go on writing here, at least not so regularly.

I think it was no less an authority than Auberon Waugh who told me once that writing for the NS brings more response than does any other publication in the country. I've had some powerful proof of that in the last year. Thanks to all who have written to me and if anyone has any information which deserves a wider circulation, you can ring me from next Monday at the *Daily Mirror,* where I think they have telephones and whose number, I think, is in the book.

Paul Foot

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard.

☐ But after the formalities came the excitement and John took part in his first Parliamentary action. 'We all crowded into the chamber for the election of the speaker,' he said. 'And it was there, as Mrs Thatcher stood to speak, that I said my very first "Here Here". It was very exciting.' – *Oxford Journal* (G. Smith)

☐ Part-time job launching guided missiles now available. Apply Sundays or Thursdays, Royal Artillery Drill Hall, Montrose Road, Arbroath. – *Arbroath Herald* (J. B. Cargill).

☐ Owing to the suspension of *The Times* we are unable to provide our usual Snow Reports for the 1978-9 season. We apologise to readers for any inconvenience. – *The Guardian* (S. Mukherjee)

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LETTERS to the EDITOR

The mediocrities behind Jim Callaghan

From Jeff Rooker MP

When Brian Burkitt and David Bowers say (NS 31 Aug) 'A major issue facing the labour movement in the coming years will be its ability to extend the decision-making power of trade unions at both national and workshop level, entailing a diminution in the authority of *employers*' – they state only part of the consequence.

The other part is the diminution of authority of trade union leaders and bureaucrats. Certain trade union leaders were almost as much to blame as the employers in frustrating detailed discussion of the Lucas Aerospace Workers Plan. Reason – such moves by workers at workshop level are as much a threat to their power and set up as they are to managerial prerogatives. Why else have some centralist trade union leaders opposed any effective move towards industrial democracy? Same reason. The vested private (power) interests of trade union leaders does not always coincide with the national interests of the rank and file and it's as well this is understood.

Unfortunately we have, by the common consent of trade unions I have spoken to in the past couple of years, the most mediocre set of national trade union leaders since the War. Some are clearly not 'big' enough for the boots of the average works convenor. This partly explains why David Hall (same NS) is able to describe many of them only too happy to be embraced by the corporate state.

And these are the people who promise 'to back Jim Callaghan to the hilt'. I think Jim ought to be worried about that promise. I know I am.

House of Commons, London SW1

Watering workers' beer

From Mark T. Pulley

Never have I read such sanctimonious tosh as that contained in the letter from Mr Colin Madden of the Brewers' Society (Letters 17 August). Does he honestly believe that by making his beers weak and insipid he is carrying out a social service? He'll be telling us next that lager prices are as high as they are to try and dissuade people from buying it.

1 Elizabeth Drive, Leyfields, Tamworth, Staffordshire

I never met the man

From Denis Howell MP

I don't know your political economist Howard Sharon, but having read his piece on 'Birmingham's Inner City Blues' (NS 31 August), which contains a scurrilous reference to me, gross distortion of facts as they apply to my constituency and an inability to spell my name correctly, I am content not to do so. It is typical of such journalism today that personal references are made without any attempt to check the facts with the person concerned.

Sharon's piece comments on the activities of solicitors and others who have involved themselves in property deals, and mentions the name of a Mr Fell who is, apparently, a director of companies involved in these transactions. He then states that the local residents have tried to enlist my support for a fixed price formula for the purchase of freeholds, which is correct, but is totally silent about the alternative formula preferred by the Labour government, and then states that I am a friend of this man, which Sharon presumably intends to be a gratuitous smear.

Suffice to say that to the best of my recollection I have never met the man in my life and I certainly have no connection whatsoever with him or his companies.

As a matter of fact I introduced a Leasehold Enfranchisement Bill into Parliament as a private member and this was the forerunner of the legislation enacted by the Labour government. In consequence I have been able to assist hundreds of my constituents to purchase their freeholds with the assistance of residents' associations which I helped to establish.

In contrast, and contrary to my advice, the residents' association at Saltley did not serve upon their landlords the notices required under the Act to trigger off the freehold purchase procedure, with regrettable consequences to some of my constituents.

House of Commons, London SW1

Irish whales

From J. H. Hetherington

John Mortimer's remarks in your issue of 17 August about Greenpeace, whales and Northern Ireland are, I suppose, meant to be funny, in the humorous sense of that word. I can't say I find them so. Sneering at good causes – the protection of whales and peace in Northern Ireland – does, however, seem funny in the sense of 'peculiar'. And as for the 'non-sequitur', I should think that every schoolboy would see that respecting human knee-caps *and* whales is quite possible.

10 Eglantine Avenue, Belfast 9

From Edith Simpson

We get some very odd sentence construction in the NS these days. John Mortimer, for instance, was 'fascinated to read an appeal for money to save the whale from an address in Northern Ireland'. Any whale would certainly be glad to be saved from an address in Northern Ireland since it would probably mean it was stranded on a beach or put on show there.

Rosebourne House, Huby, Leeds.

Mr Mullin's return

From H. C. Mullin

So Paul Foot's wife has just presented him with a baby son? Good for you, Mrs Foot. Don't you think that big pulse you can see beating away below the surface of the head is scary? And look at the delicate nature of those tiny little fingernails. How perfectly formed they are. Did you know they have been so since wee Tam was about ten and a half weeks in the womb? Yes! I suppose you do. Women are much more acquainted with such facts than men.

It seems to me that the Corrie Bill is designed to extend the protection of the law to these helpless wee bairns. I am amazed that Mr Foot should believe it will merely result in a return to 'back-street abortions', with the use of knitting-needles and similar grisly instruments. And why the use of the pejorative 'back-street abortion'? As if working-class women were inhuman in their attitude towards abortion? Are we not more justified in saying those female viragos who are most vociferous for an abortion law come from the ranks of the middle-class? In other words, it is no return to suburban villa abortions?

Legislation will not entirely succeed in preventing murder, rape, or assault. Shall we, on that basis, amend the law to make it easier for people to commit these crimes? Instead of all those terrible 'back-street murders', perhaps resulting from the awful strain of living in a slum like Mullin, let us allow for murders in a public place? This is where the specious reasoning of the Paul Foots and Nicolas Walters would seem to be leading us. Must society conform to those lawless elements within it who are not prepared to render their obedience to just laws? Shall we cast aside the protection the law extends to the citizenry for the sake of a few women who would cast aside their responsibility towards their own helpless baby? I think not.

Let me make it clear to you that we are not talking about some set of South African pass laws here. Neither are we dealing with those insulting Deep South 'Jim Crow' buses. We are giving our consideration to laws designed to protect tiny helpless human beings totally reliant upon the loving concern of adults. If some want to do them to death, let them not be hypocrites about it. Don't let them scream out about a woman's right to choose what to do with her own body, for that little jumping bundle of joy within her is not part of her body. It has a life independent of the mother, yet entirely dependent upon her.

In closing, let me comment upon Mr Foot's suggestion that I am giving my support to 'other Tories'. Well, of course I am. Every weekend Sir Keith Joseph, Willie Whitelaw, Enoch Powell and that set come up to visit me on their way to Gleneagles. You see, I must not offend these men, for I desperately want to make that old upward social mobility into the ranks of those who rub shoulders with them in the Lords and Commons. Do you think there is much of a chance for me? Perhaps Mr Foot could give me an introduction to his dad, or uncle? I understand they know lots of Tories.

970 Maryhill Road, Glasgow

The politics of cancer

From John Mathews

So Ruth Hall is unabashed. There is no basis, she insists, for working men and women to organise and fight against cancer (Letters, 17 August), for it is a 'scientific', not a political and economic issue. She seems to base her case on denying the primacy of environmental causation of cancer, through such comments as '. . . no evidence that any particular agent is responsible', or that 'Life itself is the ultimate carcinogen' (!) Now of course some cancers are induced by genetic factors, and some cancers are even suspected to be viral in origin, but it is now a widely accepted view that cancer is a disease induced overwhelmingly by certain chemical and physical *carcinogens.*

There has been a striking increase in cancer death rates this century and in the recent past that cannot be due to increased longevity. In a statement to the Occupational Safety and Health Administration on 4 April 1978, Marvin Schneiderman of the US National Cancer Institute revealed that standardised cancer incidence in white American women had been increasing at the rate of 2.2 per cent a year from 1970-75. This was an age-standardised increase, i.e. over and above any effect due to people living longer. Over the same period the rate of increase in white men was 0.9 per cent p.a.; in black men it was 2.3 per cent, and in black women no less than 6.1 per cent. Nor can these increases be accounted for by smoking, for the increases remain more or less the same when lung cancers are ignored.

Differences in cancer incidence rates between different countries cannot be explained genetically, for groups which migrate from one country to another take only a single generation to manifest the cancer patterns of their adopted country.

Even within countries, there are striking geographical variations in cancer death rates. The newly published 'Cancer Atlas' of the National Cancer Institute clearly reveals excess cancer rates for most organs in men and women living near industrialised areas in the US. If, as seems likely, these excess rates are associated with pollution and occupational exposure, then the problem is bound to get worse, for the lag between exposure and development of tumour is normally 20 to 30 years.

Once the view that carcinogens cause cancer is accepted, then it is but a small step to isolate those carcinogens which can be regulated and to insist that they are indeed regulated. Some carcinogens, such as naturally occurring aflatoxins and male smegma, are not easily regulated. But the carcinogens introduced into commerce by the chemical and pharmaceutical industries most defintely are. Ruth Hall might claim that this regulation could be expected to have minimal impact, since such eminent doctors as Sir Richard Doll maintain that only 3 to 5 per cent of cancers are occupationally linked. This view has been overthrown by recent evidence, especially the awesome experience with asbestos. In September a prestigious committee from the US

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National Cancer Institute, the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health, and the National Institute for Environmental Health Sciences, overthrew the prevailing orthodoxy and declared that no less than 20 to 40 per cent of cancer in the US is related to occupational factors – and this is probably a conservative estimate.

Ruth Hall is right to say that the theoretical investigation of cancer induction is a scientific question, as is the evaluation of cancer incidence and its likely causes. What is not a scientific question is the perception and evaluation of risk associated with a given incidence of cancer. The scientists can tell workers that they run a 6-fold increased risk of contracting cancer of the respiratory tract by working with chromium – but it is only the workers themselves who can decide whether that risk is worth taking. This is why cancer is becoming a bargaining issue for the trades unions; this is why the subject is becoming 'politicised'. Because workers are no longer prepared to hand over all power to their employers – power over working conditions, over investment strategy and the products to be produced, and over the risks to be run by the workers themselves – in return for a wage packet. Where does Ruth Hall stand on this issue?

Health and Safety Office, ASTMS

From Sir Thomas Bazley

Ruth Hall is doubly wrong. 1) We are *not* living longer – official figures show that the expectation of life of a man of 40 is not significantly better than 100 years ago (though *at birth* it is much better – lower infant mortality). In USA the adult expectation of life is now declining. 2) In any case, deaths from cancer – and heart disease – are now occurring at lower ages than ever before, in the West, so the popular myth of our longer lifespan couldn't explain the dramatic increase in the incidence of these diseases, anyway.

Eastleach Folly, Near Hatherop, Cirencester, Glos.

From Robin Oakley-Hill

Ruth Hall has misunderstood the nature of her offence (Letters 17 August). It is not that she claimed that cancer has many causes, but that she castigated a trade union for daring to politicise cancer. Now she quotes cardio-vascular disease as another that is on the increase. Precisely. These are the kinds of disease whose increase is associated with the capitalist life-style, whether due to conditions of production, consumption or general low quality of life.

It might be that more cancers will be found to be attributable to consumption habits than to conditions at work. Trade unionists might then decide to exert their influence over what is produced, so that they do not knowingly make carcinogenic products for sale to a public which is without all the facts. People could then, for example, find themselves eating food – rather than 'Food' which is a purely capitalist product.

Trade union discussion of cancer is part of the process whereby the real extent of change needed in our society becomes understood; a simplistic redistribution of junk products just will not do. This understanding could lead to a genuine re-tooling of the system, instead of the premature affair we associate with Russia in 1917. Perhaps that is what Ruth Hall is really afraid of.

Socialist Environment and Resources Association, 9 Poland Street, London W1

Brendan Behan's letters

From Professor E. H. Mikhail

As editor of the letters of Brendan Behan, I wonder whether any of your readers might have letters, postcards, or any information useful to this edition. Any help will be greatly appreciated and gratefully acknowledged.

University of Lethbridge, 4401 University Drive, Lethbridge, Alberta, Canada

Nietzsche's mask

From Daniel Johnson

Why is Professor Kaufmann always so aggressive in his denunciations of Nietzsche-exegesis which differ from his own (NS 3 August)? Professor Stern, as Kaufmann accidentally betrays, whilst drawing attention to a discovery of his own, habitually gives others – including Kaufmann – their due. Kaufmann devotes a whole paragraph of his review to attacking Stern for having published some of his views more than once. Unworthy of a great scholar like Kaufmann as this is, it would be no less so to enumerate the occasions on which he (or for that matter Nietzsche) has repeated himself – suffice it to add that this review is not the first but at least the umpteenth time Kaufmann has reminded us that Nietzsche was a psychologist. Yet in the next paragraph Stern's thesis that Nietzsche offers us a 'psychology of faith' is mentioned; nor, apparently, does Kaufmann approve of the introduction of Freud into Stern's discussions.

It is all very well for Kaufmann to demand that we distinguish between Nietzsche's notes and his books, but they were sufficiently similar for his sister to succeed in passing off her concoction of notes, *Der Wille zur Macht*, as a book for nearly forty years. To accuse Stern of ignoring context is perverse: one of his main points is that certain of Nietzsche's views – ones which can be made to appear harmless today by those like Kaufmann who understandably wish to dissociate Nietzsche from Nazism – were scarcely innocuous in Wilhelmine Germany. Recent German historiography, led by Hans-Ulrich Wehler, has tended to emphasize the proto-Nazi forces in the society which Nietzsche rejected, but which made persistent use of his legend. To understand how this was possible, it is necessary to see how closely Nietzsche's life was connected with his work in the imagination of the succeeding generations (another procedure for which Stern is berated). The relation of morality and life to work in Nietzsche's own mind (and among his subtler followers like Thomas Mann) is of course more complex; but why should not Stern employ the concept of authenticity to explicate it? It is not good enough for Kaufmann simply to assert that 'Nietzsche's elaborate and fascinating philosophy of masks stands opposed to the existentialist cult of "authenticity".' True, Nietzsche often made a virtue of the necessity to pose and grimace. As Adorno wrote of another – related – cult, with which Nietzsche's relationship was also ambivalent: 'Weil der Genius zur Maske geworden ist, muss der Genius sich maskieren.' (Werke XI, p 337).

Copthall, Iver, Bucks.

Death disco

From Paul McCrea

Were the letters section in the NS larger I'd have sufficient space to answer point by point Mark Kidel's searing social commentary of Disco music (17 August). But, baldly, Kidel has fallen into the trap which captures so many would-be sociologists whose interest in black popular music is confined to the occasional demolition piece.

He has trotted out the same old arguments we've heard since the mid-sixties: that by selling records in millions black musicians are somehow betraying their innate raw sexuality; that the beat implicit in dance music is somehow more robotic than that of traditional rock and roll forms; and that the production techniques peculiar to dance music have the same deadening effect on the factory worker as the production line.

I wonder whether Kidel could tell me of many Rock musicians whose work is free of accompanying marketing. I wonder whether he believes that a five minute guitar solo has the capacity to galvanise a group of workers into destroying the machinery which enslaves them. And I wonder whether the pogo dancing favoured by the punk fraternity is any closer to what he calls 'the original sacred dance' than the many disco styles of which he is clearly ignorant.

The other night I noticed no such movement at a concert by the American soul singer Al Green, nor was I aware of any emasculation of his commitment (to coin a Kidelian term). And I'm willing to bet a year's subscription to this paper that Al Green is not among those who 'wanted to play Las Vegas' in the early seventies.

London W1

From Anne Hegerty

What a mine of information is young Mark Kidel, to be sure! Just think, if I hadn't read his confident assertion that 'Death Disco' was recorded by the Sex Pistols I might have gone on ignorantly believing that it was recorded by Public Image Ltd. – lead singer ex-Pistol John Rotten (a self-styled disco *fan*, incidentally).

102 Norfolk Avenue, London N13

Correction

Anyone alarmed by the apparent explosion in Britain's population of single parents suggested last week in Anna Coote's article on equality should note that there are actually 750,000 single parent families – and how the figure of 6 million slipped in remains a mystery.

The Sayings of Père Patriarche

"If you have bought twelve bottles of the same wine and wonder what each one will taste like before you open it, you've bought the wrong wine."

PÈRE PATRIARCHE

RED & WHITE VIN DE TABLE
BOTTLED IN FRANCE BY PATRIARCHE

For once, don't worry about the wine.

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FIRST PERSON
Arthur Marshall

Where the bee sucks

I think I may have mentioned before on this page, and possibly to excess in the opinion of flat-dwellers whose horticultural activities are limited to window-boxes, highly pleasing though these are, that the spacious gardens of 'Myrtlebank' are, roughly from January onwards when my witch-hazel bursts into exciting egg-yolk blossom, a riot of colour. I speak of 'gardens' and it may be that you see me in your mind's eye ensconced in a sort of mini-Chatsworth, wondering whether there are enough visitors about to make it worth while to switch on my waters. Not so. I speak of them in the plural merely because the garden is divided by an ancient stone wall, over which japonicas and clematis and roses clamber and intertwine in rich and promiscuous profusion, and this pleasing feature gives me an east garden and a west garden, neither of them very large or grand and in point of fact both of them facing, like stately 'Myrtlebank' itself, due south. The slightest vestige of sun falls full upon us and is gratefully received. The better for residents to enjoy the warmth, there is a small terrace currently ablaze with assorted potted geraniums and scented with jasmine. The passion flower, for years such a feast for the eye when festooned round the sitting-room windows and which was thought to have succumbed during that dreadful winter (it even brought a touch of alopecia to my resilient cotoneaster, the one which conceals an unsightly drain), is bravely sprouting from the roots.

Any sunshine that tries to reach us during the winter months and which therefore comes at a somewhat oblique angle, is momentarily impeded by some tall trees. They are, I have always understood, Lombardy poplars and they were planted in the first year of the war in the garden of a house at the top of the narrow lane that winds down to me. The house's owner was English but he had a newish and French wife and she, sadly *dépaysée* and a bit of a fish out of water (whatever can that come out as in frog?) in a Devon village where foreigners are, at any time and most of all during a war, far from acceptable, possibly not too totally delighted with what was then afoot in La Belle France, was considerably downcast. And so to cheer her up and to remind her happily of those unique, tree-shaded roads, the kind man planted a row of poplars.

At all events, we present a peaceful enough scene, you would think, with 'Myrtlebank' ablaze with sunshine and nestling quietly among its arums and roses and fuchsias and hibiscus (they, very mysteriously, *loved* the winter) and snapdragons and pansies and dahlias and, until quite recently, I would have agreed with you. But now a book has come my way which has told me, and in almost brutally explicit terms, what is *going on* within that supposedly peaceful scene. However, in returning once more to the subject of 'smut', I do so with the clearest of consciences and in an attempt to be helpful and share with others my recently acquired botanical knowledge, sadly impure though much of it is. The great thing about 'smut' is to be put on your guard against it and not to let it come creeping up on you unawares. In placing before you my discoveries, I shall have to make use of words and technical terms that, in ordinary 'smutty' talk, would be repugnant to me (and, I am sure, to you too, I hastily add) but on which the scientific nature of our little chat confers a sort of blessing, if that ecclesiastical word isn't going too far in view of what follows.

Now then. Starting with the bold statement that 'The plant kingdom invented sex', the book tells a sorry tale of sexual urges and gymnastics in the vegetable world that have made me see my nasturtiums in an entirely new light. The book, and it is a real winner from the first page to the last, fascinating in content and with an author who is no slouch with the excellent jokes, is Alec Bristow's *The Sex Life of Plants*, which Messrs Hutchinson provide at £5.95. The coloured jacket illustration shows a bee about to alight upon a flower (harmless enough you might think, but just you wait), and the frontispiece drawings show a sturdy Stinkhorn or *Phallus impudicus*, in the ready position and the very image (as far as I can now recall) of the lower midriff portion of a gentleman in a stimulated state, while above it waits expectantly a *Clitoria ternatea* (a member, I am told, of the pea family), an object which speaks, as it were, for itself and if exposed innocently on a newsagent's shelf of magazines would bring the wretched man instant imprisonment (BENCH RAPS PORNOGRAPHER. 'DISGUSTING' SAYS MAGISTRATE). There are, you will be pleased to find, flowers that blush deeply after sexual encounters, so there is hope yet for some show of modesty in the vegetable kingdom.

Splendid Mr Bristow first titillates us with a few remarkable facts (the ordinary garden snail, which plants find useful, is a hermaphrodite and has more than fourteen hundred teeth, arranged on the tongue in 135 rows) and then moves smoothly into top gear with the subject of sexual deception as practised by the Bee Orchid, a delightful-looking species which has a faint sweet scent to it. Its flowers look just like small bees, though whether male or female bees the human eye cannot readily tell. A male bee thinks it can, however. To a virile male bee, out on the rampage and with the whole morning to kill, each little flower looks the very image of a female bee who has forgotten everything that they warned her about in the convent and is yearning to sample Life ('Please show me what to do'). Sensing an easy coupling, the male bee excitedly zooms down onto the flower, mounts it, 'buries himself in its warm brown furry softness and attempts to mate with it. He starts to make a series of short, jerky movements and continues to do so for some time'. But good heavens, what is this? Nothing seems to fit. Nothing jolly happens. What has gone wrong? Thoroughly cross and frustrated, and unaware that in his wild jig-a-jigging he has detached the pollen from the flower's male organ, he buzzes off and tries a more satisfactory sexual union with another bee orchid, transferring in the process the pollen to the flower's moist, sticky concave female surface, rather unfairly known as the stigma. Scientists call this process of false mating with a flower 'pseudocopulation', and one could hardly find an apter description oneself. The whole affair is a most shameful case of teasing and leading on, with nothing but disappointment at the end of it ('Please don't worry me tonight, Walter').

Well then, what about the Bucket Orchid? Here the poor old male bee doesn't even have the excitement of a pseudocopulation. While the flower is, rather like a pub, preparing itself for the day, it fills up its bucket-like receptacle with water from two knobs like taps, and when there is sufficient liquid in it to provide a nice bath for somebody, it lets off a strong and attractive scent, opens up and is ready for business. The male bee, as easily hoodwinked as ever, comes along, drinks a few drops of the scented liquid, becomes drunk and incapable and tumbles headlong into the bucket. 'He lurches around in the water for a while', trying to climb out, and then, on the point of drowning, finds a narrow tunnel through which he can just crawl, knocking off the pollen and sticking it to him as he goes. After further strenuous tunneling, he escapes and flies off, both perplexed and exhausted, to carry the pollen to another bucket. Were there ever such weird sexual complications?

There is so much else (the book would make a splendid reward for that A Level in Botany). An avocado tree exists which is female in the morning and male in the afternoon (just think of that next time you're sloshing in the vinaigrette). The actual word orchid means, I am afraid, testicle (from its pair of rounded tubers, you know). And in addition to information about their teeth, which I have thoughtfully passed on, there is a lot about the actual bi-sexual mating of snails that I personally am going to try to forget. Mr Bristow closes this episode by merely adding that 'it would be illegal in many human societies'.

Roger Woddis

Club Talk

It's been forty years since the outbreak,
But some haven't learnt a damn thing.
(Oh, bring us two brandies, Albert –
If we need any more, I'll ring.)

We're still just as spineless and flabby,
Appeasement has spread like the plague,
But no one heeds Kissinger's warning,
Or listens to General Haig.

It took all our guts to beat Hitler,
And lots of good people who died,
Though it didn't seem natural somehow
When Russia came in on our side.

I've given up cursing the Germans,
I no longer talk of 'the Hun';
We'll need 'em to safeguard our freedom,
When once the next war has begun.

Unless we get ready for action,
And use the time left to prepare,
There'll be Russians from here to
Knightsbridge,
And Cubans in Parliament Square.

You may think me crazy, Croome-Gilmour,
But a fellow must say what he thinks:
We'll soon have to find new allies –
And they're jolly good chaps, the Chinks.

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BOOKS IN GENERAL

David Caute

The Longest Journey

Sophie's Choice by WILLIAM STYRON *Cape* £5.95

Sophie's Choice is a big novel looking for big trouble. Twelve years have passed since *The Confessions of Nat Turner*, initially greeted with critical acclaim, was bitterly assailed by incensed black intellectuals. Styron was stunned by the ferocity of the attack; he clearly believed that in *Nat Turner* he had exposed the full horror of slavery as it weighed upon its black victims. The claim was supportable, yet Styron was naïve: not only had he affronted black sensibilities by presuming that a white writer (let alone a white patrician from Virginia's Tidewater!) could penetrate black consciousness and black rage, he had also stumbled, clumsily, unwittingly, into a more grievous insult. Passages in *Sophie's Choice* signal that these wounds are not yet healed; nevertheless his choice of subject – the Holocaust, no less – and his choice of heroine, a blonde Polish *shiksa*, suggest that his appetite for ethnic provocation has sharpened during the long silence.

Styron's principal provocateur is the male member or 'pecker'. Had he not conjectured a terrible lust, a throbbing tumescence, in Nat Turner for the pale, silk-covered rumps of Southern belles, of necessity sublimated into masturbation, he would have given less offence; had he not implied that Nat killed young Margaret Whitehead as a repression of desire bordering on love – she alone had treated the 'nigra' as fully human – he would not have provoked the incendiary conclusion that black revolt is most furious, yet most inexcusable, when it seeks to silence the truly human voice from within the ruling race. The Panthers were in no mood for reformist accommodation.

Styron is a novelist difficult to categorise. The neo-Biblical cadences of Southern prose, of Wolfe and Faulkner, jostle with the cosmopolitan sensibility of an F. Scott Fitzgerald. The theme of displacement, of self-exile to the alien incivilities of New York, is found in three of his five novels: *Lie Down in Darkness* (1951), *Set This House on Fire* (1960) and *Sophie's Choice*. Never, however, the main theme, merely the favourite point of reference to which the dog periodically returns, sniffing out his own ambivalent identity after bouts of foreign-induced (Italy, Poland) anomie.

Yet the best of his novels remains the first, *Lie Down in Darkness*, the only one locked securely into the guilty sexuality and festering family hatreds of white Virginia. Here Styron displayed to full advantage his dazzling mastery of fictional time – time as chronicle, time as memory, time as self-deception; a vast debt to Faulkner, but no matter; the heritage is seized in a clean catch, the apprentice runs sweet and sure into the Confederacy's first team. In no subsequent novel has Styron created tragic characters to compare with Milton Loftis or his daughter Peyton, who finally throws herself from a New York tenement window at the climax of a monologue as painful as the suddenly uncovered photograph of a dead child.

Styron, one suspects, has been too readily stirred to emulation by other writers' successes. Having missed the war, a white feather for any post-war male novelist, he made a belated foray (*The Long March*, 1956) into the macho-Marine syndrome long after Mailer and James Jones had emerged from the Pacific clutching the phallic prizes. Styron's impulse to explore pockets of space where gravity is uncertain and oxygen short was apparent in the brave appropriation of Nat Turner, the leader of an early 19th-century slave revolt, about whom little is known; now, in attempting to establish the total experience of a Polish woman before, during and after incarceration in Auschwitz, Styron embarks upon possibly the most perilous journey undertaken by any modern novelist. The

novelist does come back but it's not a soft landing.

Sophie's Choice offers many clues indicating that Styron feels acutely the challenge of American Jewish writing. The character Nathan, a highly-strung Jewish intellectual, baits Styron's hero and alter-ego, Stingo, mercilessly, calling him Cracker and mocking his accent: 'We gonna hab old Pompey hitch up the old coach-an'-foah and hab us a little picnic down by the seashoah . . .' More astringent challenge, Nathan warns Stingo that Southern writing has had its day; the literary future belongs to the Jews. Styron's literary career has been roughly contemporaneous with that of Saul Bellow.

In the American context the danger of such competitiveness lies in the tendency towards gargantuanism; financial success buttresses the belief that a great novel must be nurtured through a long, creative withdrawal. (When Philip Roth began to produce novels like a breeding rabbit, shares in him temporarily slumped.) Conscious of the crass confines of television, the American novel tends to trumpet its autonomy by wilful longevity. Even Styron can be accused of confusing significance with weight. These reservations stated, *Sophie's Choice* is nevertheless a novel of stunning audacity and imaginative range.

In all of Styron's writing there is a tendency towards post-Wolfeian inflation, a reluctance to leave any noun uncaressed by an adjective (or two); yet his is a prose marked also by clarity, honesty and accessibility. Having understood, absorbed and digested the Holocaust (in so far as the worst nightmare in our experience can be grasped), Styron recycles and distills his immense reading into scenes (always the crucial unit in his fiction) of awesome power.

Having lost his job as a publisher's reader, our young hero Stingo, caustic Virginian and putative novelist, settles into a shabby Brooklyn boarding house – Jews in every direction – and is almost immediately disturbed by a 5,000-bomber copulatory commotion in the room above his own, evidently the super-fuck of which he has so often dreamed. (Stingo's pecker, needless to stress, is throbbing desperately almost from the first page.) The love-making is immediately followed by a quarrel of frightening violence. Stingo finds himself totally immersed and completely enthralled by the lives of the participants, Nathan, a brilliant, charming but psychotically unstable Jewish intellectual, and the delicious Polish blonde Sophie – a survivor of Auschwitz.

Here, then, is Styron's contrivance: Sophie will reminisce to the fascinated Stingo, who in turn will write it all down, every comma in place, with the skill of a Styron. Unable to face total immersion in Nazi-occupied Poland, Styron thus establishes familiar beacons and safe harbours in home territory: New York City and Virginia, once again. *Sophie's Choice* consists of two alternating narratives: Stingo-Nathan-Sophie, loving, quarrelling, picnicking and philosophising in post-war New York; and – main theme – Sophie's horrendous experiences from the time of the German invasion of Poland until her final release from Auschwitz.

This central device, the devoted, lustful Stingo acting as amanuensis to the physically delicious, sweet-natured and trusting Sophie, is never convincing. To begin with Stingo accepts unquestioningly certain biographical details which Sophie later admits were lies, principally that her father had been a notable defender of Polish Jews when the SS entered the ghetto. By mid-term, however, the author, like certain American presidents, has given up pretending; Sophie's conveniently total recall reaches us, via Stingo-Styron, in larger and larger chunks with only minimal interference on the line. Despite the sustained suspense as to whether Stingo's throbbing pecker will finally gain its entry visa into Sophie's delicious (but unpromiscuous) honeypot, and despite the initial interest generated by Nathan's love-hate relationship to both Sophie and Stingo, the cumulative impact of the Auschwitz narrative inevitably dwarfs the post-war scenes, although the latter are

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always graced by Styron's acute historical recall – Stingo's lament about the agonies of heavy petting across the back seats of automobiles, during which a good pint of saliva exchanged mouths and tongues lost several layers of skin, should be read by every young lover reared in the age of the pill.

Even so, the Polish episodes emerge as a stunning achievement. By making Sophie not only a Gentile, but the daughter of a fanatically anti-Semitic professor, and by having Sophie exploit these 'advantages' in a harrowing attempt to save herself and her young son in Auschwitz by currying favour with the camp Commandant, S.S. Oberstürmbannführer Rudolf Franz Höss, Styron opens up new perspectives about the relationship of nationalism and anti-Semitism within the mobilised war machine of the Third Reich. He also forces a reconsideration of guilt and responsibility. He reminds us that Jews were not the only victims.

Immanent in Styron's theme and treatment of it, I suspect, is a challenge to conventional wisdom and Jewish lore. The challenge is never explicit, always metaphorical or analogical. One notices, for example, that Sophie does not tell Nathan, whom she adores, half of what she confides to Stingo, the reason residing not only in her own genuine sense of guilt but also in Nathan's furious, peremptory condemnation: for him any Polish Catholic who survived the death camp must have been a collaborator, an anti-Semite. Styron might here be taken to imply that the Jewish consciousness has walled itself off from certain necessary insights into the Holocaust. Nor can one imagine that Nathan's aggression, both polemical and physical, his cocksure self-righteousness, his habit of wrapping the sufferings of his people round himself, are intended to be merely gratuitous characteristics of a randomly idiosyncratic individual.

And what – perhaps most suggestive of all – of the fact that Nathan finally drags Sophie to the death which she miraculously evaded in Auschwitz? At first sight this is not the 'choice' to which the title of the novel refers (that choice is the worst horror that could befall any parent); but Styron may intend, as a final sting in his tail, that we juxtapose Sophie's two choices. It is not a comfortable thing to do.

Paul Addison

Tory Upstart

Brendan Bracken by CHARLES EDWARD LYSAGHT *Allen Lane* £10

In 1919 there arrived in England a grotesque youth with flaming red hair, an Irish-Australian-Cockney accent, very little money and no social credentials. Enrolling himself as a public schoolboy at Sedbergh, he claimed that he was an Australian whose parents had perished in a bush-fire. Sociologists tell of the exclusiveness of the English upper classes, and their elaborate mechanisms for keeping out unsuitable types. Bracken by-passed all this in a flash. By the age of 22 he was running about London as the confidant of Winston Churchill; by 1924 he was in the board-room of Eyre and Spottiswoode; by 30 he was the founder of a newspaper group which embraced the *Financial News*, the *Economist*, the *Banker*, and the *Investors Chronicle*.

There were many rumours about Bracken's early life, and it suited him to keep up a smokescreen of mystery and confusion. He encouraged the rumour that he was Churchill's illegitimate son, a legend which the great man would mischievously confirm, since he was quite as odd as Bracken. But Andrew Boyle's biography, *Poor, Dear Brendan*, published in 1974, convincingly explained the essential Bracken.

Boyle discovered that Bracken had deliberately cut himself off from his roots and assumed a second identity. By birth he was Irish to the core, the son of a nationalist father and a devout Catholic mother. A delinquent child, he had been packed off for a while to Australia, only to become steadily more rebellious. In late adolescence he resolved to reject his family, his religion and his country. His loyalties were given instead to a romantic English Whiggism probably absorbed from desultory reading in Australia. Bracken finally quit Ireland at the very moment when the British Army was striving to put down Sinn Fein. For him, Sedbergh was the first rung of a shimmering ladder which could bear him up from his painful, priest-ridden backyard, to the glamorous freedom of the London clubs, Parliament and the City. Bracken was, after all, more than a climber. He was a true rebel who loathed the values he sprang from and idealised the society he had adopted.

It is interesting to compare Boyle's account with the new biography by Charles Lysaght, the outcome of many years of independent research. Boyle's account was pioneering, fluent, and got Bracken's personality right. Lysaght's is rigorously researched, finely written, and elucidates the historical man of power as ably as the desperate young man on the make. Both convey the terrible inhibition induced by the repression of Bracken's earliest and most intimate self. He was frightened that his past would return and often cut dead familiar figures from his boyhood: in the 1950s, when his distressed sister knocked at his door, he turned her away. He got to know everyone but dared not let anyone know him well; in this respect he will always remain something of a mystery, for he never opened up to anyone about his predicament.

Whatever his inner demons, they were tangibly enough expressed in the pursuit of power, and solidly commemorated in the shape of Bracken House. Lysaght analyses Bracken's operations as a newspaper magnate, showing that he took too many risks when he was young and too few when he was getting old. He brings out the strongly right-wing character of Bracken's Conservatism, hostile equally to nationalist movements in the Empire, to Butskellism, and to the economic power of the United States. There is a most penetrating account of Bracken's achievements as Minister of Information, a job in which he managed to square the Press, the BBC, the Foreign Office and Churchill all at once.

Churchill was Bracken's first great conquest and in the end the most decisive one for his career. The true secret of his success lay in his capacity for overwhelming social and psychological aggression. Having sighted someone important he wished to capture, he would approach him boldly on any pretext, bowl him over with flattery, and outmanoeuvre him by the force and rapidity of his talk. There were some who resisted. Lord Birkenhead, alluding to Bracken's hair and not his politics, used to say: 'Keep that red charlatan away from me.' Clementine Churchill was hostile for more than a decade. But Winston crumbled instantly. Such was the making of Viscount Bracken of Christchurch. And if he seemed indifferent to his title, to the House of Lords and indeed to the monarchy, it was because these were passive elements in English life: what he worshipped was the swashbuckling tradition from Drake to Churchill. Impelled by shame and contempt for Ireland, Bracken was a strange, fiery and disturbing phenomenon. Charles Lysaght has recreated every side of him in a definitive biography of exceptional merit.

John Coleman

Old Stagers

Look Back With Astonishment by DODIE SMITH *W.H. Allen* £6.95
Mr Home Pronounced Hume by WILLIAM DOUGLAS-HOME *Collins* £6.95
A Hundred Different Lives by RAYMOND MASSEY *Robson* £7.50

Binkie, Mary, Jakie, Gee, Pongo, Bunga: memoirs of showbiz people and their siblings in high society quite bristle with odd names and nicknames calculated to send the awed outsider scurrying for the index, and that little opening crop is a tricky but typical sample, the last two – to put you out of your misery – belonging to beloved dogs. Theatre folk may be itinerant in their human affections: their love for pet quadrupeds seems unbounded. To be fair, the Douglas-Home book (perhaps because its author, at 67, is the baby of the trio) is chock-a-block with devoted portraits of his parents and a whole *galère* of dead Uncles and Aunts: 'eccentric, cheerful, full of character and charm' runs the almost anxious refrain. After all, the British aristocracy is famous for its eccentricity and our William is not about to let us down. He put his 'Dada', the 13th Earl, into *The Chiltern Hundreds* and had that marvellous old bumbler A. E. Matthews, in public at least *plus royaliste que le roi*, play him for posterity. And if Dodie Smith and Raymond Massey, both astounding octogenarians born in 1896, now choose to write about other things than their families, it is because they have been there in previous autobiographical volumes.

New readers, begin here. After '. . . *With Love*' and '. . . *With Mixed Feelings*', Miss Smith has eyebrows raised this time round and she still hasn't finished, one hopes. *Look Back With Astonishment* breaks off tantalisingly with her departure, husband-to-be Alec Beesley in tow, for America in 1939. Only a fourth instalment can reveal if this was the worst kind of ego-trip. Young Dodie's early upbringing and disastrous *après*-RADA days have already been chronicled. Here, recounted with an endearing dryness, are the years during which she became our leading woman playwright, with a barely broken run of hits to

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her name (she soon dropped C. L. Anthony). While being hugely organised at the Little Gallery at Heal's, buying and selling prints and suchlike, she turned the acquisition of an Underwood from her grand, mysterious married lover 'Oliver' and a stay in an Austrian Tyrolean inn into *Autumn Crocus*. (Her original water-colour set designs are reproduced on the back jacket.) Warned during rehearsals that 'the more commercially successful the play is, the worse it'll be for your reputation', she stayed unruffled. Only the domineering Basil Dean could raise her hackles and she appears to have given as good as she got. Later, in a useful reminder of the unreliability of memories and memoirs, she sets the record straight about Dean's mentions of her in his 1973 *Mind's Eye*. Unfinished projects abounded – there was one called *Europa* in which 'Francis Lederer, wearing the mask of a bull, was to walk in a procession on stilts and leap on to the balcony of an upper room . . . and eventually rape the heroine' – and were abandoned. She flirted with Christian Science and, via a weird little man in a bowler hat, it saved the life of her dalmatian, Pongo. She had hellish moments with Marie Tempest (known to intimates as Mary) during *Dear Octopus,* of which another lady in the cast murmured, 'Such a lovely, lovely play. I suppose it doesn't matter that it isn't about anything'. 'Mary' proposed cuts in *Octopus* – 'two whole scenes in which she did not appear'.

This darling Dodie emerges as formidable, admirably funny and emotionally discreet. Incidentally, she wrote the part of the actor-manager's son in *Bonnet Over The Windmill* with the young William Douglas-Home in mind and found him excellent. In *Mr Home Pronounced Hume,* a title purloined from Tynan, he remembers reading for her and Binkie, 'putting on a blasé and conceited voice', then being recalled to do it in his own voice and getting the job. Subsequently author of more than 30 plays, he is disappointingly sparing – deliberately so: 'as tedious for me to write as for the reader to read' – about backstage brouhaha and intrigue, preferring to embark on a confusing re-run of his strange wartime experiences as a very special kind of conscientiously-objecting officer who persisted in standing for Parliament and ended up in Wormwood Scrubs – result: *Now Barabbas.* His celebrated vendetta with the London critics over *Aunt Edwina* is gone over and he is generous with advice on his craft, notably and obscurely on the importance of 'rhythm'. Mr 'Hume' deploys at worst a clubland humour, is strong on family and not averse to coat-trailing with unfashionable, if pointless courage. I liked the caption to one of his snaps: 'Colingwood, paragon among butlers'.

Raymond Massey, with over 70 movies to his credit, will be best known as a big screen actor and as 'Dr Gillespie' in *Dr Kildare.* That's life and his fat autobiography, well illustrated, is concerned to establish that he had a – for him – more important life elsewhere: in the theatre, as player and director. In the first London production of *Saint Joan,* first to direct Sean O'Casey's *The Silver Tassie* (there's a good story about Augustus John's painting the Act II Madonna in a drunken frenzy), colleague of Sybil Thorndyke, Gerald du Maurier, Charles Laughton, Ruth Gordon, Humphrey Bogart, Laurence Olivier and a cast of thousands, this extraordinarily active man with the stentorian delivery and trademark snarl is capable of great charm, some of which filters through on to the page: 'by nature an earnest hypochrondriac', for instance. References to 'these permissive and tasteless days' and the 'sometimes too strident voice' of women's liberation are broadcast, but this is no ordinary fogey fulminating: Mr Massey, 83 this month, has earned his opinions and this painstaking story of a crammed career (even allowing for a thinness on the film side that allows no mention of William Cameron Menzies in a discussion of *Things to Come*) earns its place on the serious theatre-goer's shelf – preferably under 'Browsing'. Binkie, Mary, Jakie, Gee, Pongo and Bunga, wherever they may be, will *love* it.

Peter Porter

Home Thoughts

In the Wind's Eye: Byron's Letters and Journals, Vol. 9 edited by Leslie A. Marchand *John Murray* £7.50

The end of this spectacular series is almost in sight. Volume Nine is Byron's self-portrait at the time of his life most ploughed over by his biographers. The title of one such popular presentation would make a good sub-heading for this book – 'Byron, Shelley and their Pisan Circle'. Yet, with so much in the foreground which later generations have found fascinating, Byron is still concerned chiefly with happenings and personalities in England, with the disposal of the fortune of Lady Noel, dead at last, with John Murray's faults as a publisher, with vindicating his name in the dispute with Southey, and with the London literary world in any and all of its manifestations. Mr Marchand's admirable edition reinforces a point which may be taken readily enough from a proper reading of Byron's poetry (alas on the margin for too many of the fans of his letters) – namely that Byron is the greatest analyst of English society and English manners among poets after Pope. The remaining volumes of the letters and journals covering the removal from Pisa, the time in Genoa and the expedition to Greece should prove this absolutely, since they will cover the writing of the final cantos of *Don Juan*, which are to my mind Byron's greatest poetry and also the apotheosis of his obsessional concern with England. Because he left England for good in 1816 – famous as the most successful exoticiser of the Mediterranean and the Orient in English verse – Byron's essential Englishness tends to be underestimated. His letters home from Italy join with Cantos XI to XVI of *Don Juan* to bring England wonderfully before our minds. Just as much as Browning, Byron went into exile to intensify his feeling for his homeland. The mode is humorous and satirical, but the concern is bitter and deep.

A good deal of the foreground of the Pisan domicile was English, of course – the Shelleys, the Williamses, Rogers, Medwin, Trelawney, with Leigh Hunt over the horizon. But Byron writes to his chief correspondents, Murray and Kinnaird in London and Tom Moore in Paris, about matters at home and Italian news in general as much as he does about the *dramatis personae* of the most celebrated group of expatriate genius in English literature. The famous letters which have been reproduced dozens of times in telling the Byron/Shelley story are included here, but romantic biographers do not get very much to work with. Byron is surprisingly laconic about Shelley's death. The letter to Tom Moore describing the cremation of Shelley on Viareggio beach, with its celebrated references to the extraordinary effect salt and frankincense gave to the flames, and to Shelley's heart remaining unconsumed, is preceded by a less well-known paragraph of remarkable detachment. Byron had swum out to his yacht, the Bolivar, anchored off the beach, and had been badly sunburned in the process. The whole skin of his back had come off, which had left Byron with a new skin, making him 'as glossy as a snake in its new suit'.

Among the more interesting of the letters involving Shelley is one to the Earl of Guilford asking him to intervene with the Grand Duke of Tuscany to prevent the execution of a man in Lucca (by burning) for the crime of sacrilege. Byron and Shelley were incensed at this barbarism, but, as is often the way with liberal Englishmen abroad, did not check up on the facts before leaping into action. The man had stolen a church poor box and the authorities had no intention of executing him. Byron defends Shelley to Moore with the words, 'he is to my knowledge the *least* selfish and the mildest of men – a man who has made more sacrifices of his fortune and feelings for others than any I ever heard of'. However, he continues, 'with his speculative opinions I have nothing in common, nor desire to have'. This streak of the conventional in Byron did not extend to his literary judgment. Writing to Shelley about the unfavourable reception given to his latest book of plays by the *Edinburgh Review,* Byron confessed that 'no man has contributed more than me in my earlier compositions to . . . exaggerated and false taste'. His last word on Shelley is affectionately dry. He tells Moore that it was Keats's poems and not the Bible which were found on Shelley's body, but, had it been the Bible, it would not have been strange, since Shelley 'was a great admirer of Scripture as a composition'.

The Pisan sojourn involved the English circle in a notorious brush with the military, which is copiously dealt with in the letters, and unobtrusively annotated by Mr Marchand. Byron also learned of the death of his natural daughter Allegra in this period, and of another death, which this time he had no impulse to mourn – that of Castlereagh. In general this ninth volume illustrates an interesting fact about letter-writing, Byron's as much as anyone's. The best letters come from times when their authors are living retired or circumscribed lives, since they are driven to correspond voraciously. This Pisan collection does not compare in richness with Byron's Ravenna letters, precisely because he was much more preoccupied and no longer starved of English acquaintance. But there are more reasons for buying the book than just to ensure you have a complete set. It starts with 120 entries in a journal of *Detached Thoughts* which are a mine of information about Byron's early life in London. This alone is worth the very reasonable price of the volume.

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Peter Conrad

Standing Back

Surviving and Other Essays by BRUNO BETTELHEIM *Thames & Hudson* £10

Unlike some professional memorialists of the Holocaust, whose anguish is comfortably gratuitous, Bruno Bettelheim suffered and was there. In 1938, after the assassination of von Rath, he was one of the random sampling of Jews rounded up for persecution. His passport was confiscated, and he spent a year in the concentration camps at Dachau and Buchenwald. But he survived, and after his release fled to the United States.

At first he survived by cunning. Beaten up by the guards on the train from Vienna to Dachau, he concluded that his horn-rim specs stigmatised him as an intellectual, and therefore made him especially odious to the SS. Once in Dachau, he replaced the horn-rims (smashed during the beatings en route) with 'glasses of the simplest and cheapest kind', and even cautiously pocketed these during SS barneys. Later, his strategy for survival switched from guileful camouflage to psychoanalytic detachment. He learned to bear his experience by striving to understand it. He survived by that spiritual effort which Freud enjoined when he demanded that where Id was, Ego shall be: the mind is liberated from its terrors and traumas by a serene, lucid self-consciousness. In Dachau, Bettelheim was both baffled patient and wise therapist. His later work in America he now sees as a prolongation of that year in Dachau, during which he tentatively worked to equip himself with psychological protection against the destructive exhaustion of the camp. For Bettelheim, the psychotic children he treated at his Orthogenic School in Chicago are painful self-images, case-studies of the mind's panicky recourse to schizophrenia in extreme, disintegrative circumstances, like those of Dachau.

Having survived, Bettelheim doesn't permit himself to relish a happy ending. As he says, the survivor's peculiar affliction is his sense of guilt. He can't forgive himself for having the temerity to be alive, when millions like him have perished. He attributes his survival to chance, not to any merit of his own, so that his very existence rankles. Bettelheim has assuaged his own guilt by the psychoanalytic inspection of its sources. For him the shrink is something of a modern religious hero, a man who has made the saintly effort to detach himself from his emotions and to scrutinise them: 'Trying to be objective became my intellectual defence against becoming overwhelmed by these perturbing feelings.' Robinson Crusoe on his island took refuge from the horror of his solitude in economics, the orderly keeping of accounts. Bettelheim's life-saving discipline has been psychology.

There is an ironic accord here between the purposes of his captors and those of Bettelheim's redemptive science, for the Nazis designed the camps as psychoanalytical laboratories in which to enact and examine the disintegration of personality, places where fractious individuals would be pulped into docile masses. The Gestapo, as Bettelheim points out, employed the camps experimentally, 'to study effective means for breaking civilian resistance, as well as the minimum nutritional, hygienic, and medical requirements needed to keep prisoners alive and able to perform hard labour when threat of punishment is the sole incentive'. At their most malign, the camps triumphantly reconciled oppressor and victim. The regime of punishments was devised to sap the life-spirit, to manufacture those drifting, compliant, zombified wrecks the prisoners jokingly called Muslims. But for the Nazis the same automated half-life to which they reduced their internees was a militant ideal. Eichmann inculcated in party members the duty of *Kadavergehorsam*, a corpse-like obedience. The obligatory 'Heil Hitler!' salute was a rite signifying the body's transformation into an obsequious machine. Thus the Nazis and the unresisting Jews they incinerated were replicas of each other, as Bettelheim startlingly declares:

> The obedient servant of Hitler and the prisoner who walked to the gas chamber became alike as true symbols of the total state. The rewarded servant and the prisoner to be murdered, each has lost his free will, his ability to act out of personal conviction.

However, though for the Nazis the camps were laboratories in which individuals were forcibly alienated from themselves, for Bettelheim they became a laboratory of a different kind, in which the psychoanalyst could learn both as subject and as observer how a man keeps himself alive, and could watch the combat between the life-instinct and its thanatological opposite. The special obscenity of the camps, as Bettelheim sees it, is their obliteration of the difference between life and death. Revising Freud, he argues that our life is governed by our 'omnipresent fear of extinction'. Not even suicides want to die: they do so only by default, if their despairing appeal for help goes unheeded. But in the camps, millions of Jews collaborated in the process of their own destruction, queuing up obediently to die. Even Anne Frank is to Bettelheim a tragic instance of this will-less acquiescence, since she and her family refuse to survive.

Dachau made Bettelheim a psychologist and also a historian, for the world's collective guilt – not only Germany's but that of the allied powers, which refused to believe that the Jews were being exterminated – has made it forgetful, and memory is cognate with conscience. Bettelheim is acute about the polite amnesia which now occludes these events. Even language has resorted to circumlocutory avoidance. 'Holocaust' is a term invented not by the survivors but by American onlookers, and is at once inexact and offensive. To the psalmist, the word means 'burnt offering', and as Bettelheim charges, 'calling the most callous, most brutal, most horrid, most heinous mass murder a burnt offering is a sacrilege, a profanation of God and man'.

Thus far, Bettelheim is moving and nobly authoritative. But the essays gathered in this volume touch occasionally on art, and here he's often gauche (as when diagnosing Lady Macbeth's 'washing compulsion') and sometimes too stern (as when rebuking comedy's attempts to cope with Nazism in Chaplin's

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RICHARD KIDNER

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Great Dictator and Wertmüller's *Seven Beauties*). I don't think he trusts art. The popularity of Anne Frank's diary, he says, derives from our unwillingness to confront the truth: it permits us to pretend that 'private and intimate life can continue to flourish', and ends with Anne's sentimental forgiveness of her killers. Fiction is a facile evasion, a blasphemy (for Bettelheim) against the brute facts of recent history which it is our responsibility to recall and to comprehend.

Russell Davies

On the Wing

Cracks in the Ice by FREDERIC RAPHAEL
W. H. Allen £7.95

The copyright in this book has been assigned to 'Volatic Ltd'. I always enjoy the names of industry, and I've been wondering where Frederic Raphael got this one from. 'Volatic': it certainly excites the old Joyce-o-matic echo-sounder. Thievery, flying and an involuntary twitch register immediately on the screen, as does, punningly, Greece; and a sense of chemical instability, possibly even combustibility, dominates the whole. From this trademark, one might easily deduce the managing director to be a tensely passionate classicist with a taste for the high life: and so it is. Raphael *ipsissimus*. The larcenous element in the alias I take to be a troubled reverberation from the dying days of Hollywood, when our man took the money and ran.

So it comes as rather a disappointment to learn that 'volatic' means nothing more than a winged creature 'that flies or flits about'. In any case, Frederic Raphael's activity would seem to have been more determinedly airlaned than this. True, he has kept busy – is there anyone busier? – on both sides of the critical barrier; but offhand I can't think of anyone who crosses it less flittingly. He flies true, and lands with a proper gravitas. Especially on the reviewing side. This is because, for Raphael, books preceded papers. He did not use little crits as muscle-toning exercises before the great leap into the World of Publishing. That leap came first, with the result that Raphael arrived at his reviewing desk already nursing a few cuts and bruises of his own. It may be that from this, his twentieth book, representing some 20 years of 'views and reviews', he has excluded some appalling hatchet-jobs; I cannot say. But going by what he has preserved, one must conclude that Raphael's early experience has made him a kindly judge. Hard, and sometimes flashy (with a jealous magpie eye for flashiness in others), but a salvager by inclination and a celebrator at heart.

New Edinburgh Review
Autumn 1979
JAMES BALDWIN ON JAZZ
Price 50p; Subscription £2.50 p.a.
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As several of these essays, and the entire Silvo-thirsty run of *The Glittering Prizes* proclaim, Raphael has always been conscious of his part in – it very nearly amounts to membership of – his Cambridge generation. I am not sure whether he was lucky in this or not. On the one hand, he was given an early and comradely sense of his place in the century's intellectual history: along with the others, he happened to be sheltering under a mushroom cloud, passing the time in a genial debate as to the possible questions that might go with the answers provided by Wittgenstein. On the other hand, as part of the burstingly creative release of youth from war conditions, he was trapped in a kind of open competition, a perpetual eisteddfod or Festival of Britain which he and his unsleeping contemporaries have contrived to keep in business ever since. It's a remarkable generation, but it lives on show and under glass: a display cabinet of all the talents. Of course, there hasn't been – apart from the rash of minor-league surrealist funnymen – a 'Cambridge generation' since.

Perhaps Frederic Raphael, then, is the last of something. It would be nice to think he's been among the last Jewish pupils to be made miserable at an English public school. Failing that, the last to be driven into writing through a school-taught 'fear of rejection from more normal careers'. There is quite a lot in the book on these themes. A *Radio Times* profile of Rebecca West, for example, goes out if its way in the first paragraph to revisit the hell of Charterhouse, and I suppose it is possible, at such moments, to understand what people might mean when they accuse Raphael of 'going on about' the Jewish experience (from which, they commonly protest, success has made him a virtual escapee). It is admittedly rather annoying to see passion vented in the *Radio Times*, but against that it must be said, loudly, that if the Jewish experience in this century isn't worth going on about, very little is; that calling Raphael an escapee from his race's condition is an interesting admission that there are still nasty things to escape from; and that Raphael, anyway, does not hotly rant, but produces the evidence, lightly chilled. (From the *Radio Times*: 'I had elected, as my headmaster pointed out, to live in a Christian society.'

Raphael believes that it is 'probably better to be right sometimes than to be right always'. Without doubt he is at his most relaxed when there is no possibility of being completely right at all, in the fiction review. His 'Sacred Cows' piece on Graham Greene pulls its punches (although the series offered *Sunday Times* writers a free page in which to flatten reputations, in the event surprisingly few cows were properly punched); but the three one-book reviews with which it is grouped go to the heart of the matter and find, of course, that it is not there. (Not even a bugged madonna, looking on.) Bellow is more difficult to pin down – especially when nobody tips you off about the people he's basing his characters on – but with *Humboldt's Gift*, Raphael seems to me to have struck exactly the right note of frowning gratitude: 'Mr Bellow's prodigality leaves one's hand full of generous gifts and it is perhaps graceless that one's ultimate reaction is to fight him off with one's elbows.'

Novelist and journalist unite in several informed 'glimpses', and the odd couple of *fully-fashioned memoirs, of great men.* Somerset Maugham and Michael Ayrton are seen at length, and championed loyally. It is interesting that both men were unpopular, on the whole, among their contemporaries – quite wildly unpopular in some quarters – but treated Raphael with a kindness and consideration that moved him. Possibly they recognised in his approach (on paper, initially) the subliminal distress signals of a man who did not expect to be liked any more than they did. I hope I am not misinterpreting these signals myself – but I am pretty sure Mr Raphael, if he were to continue his stated scale of priorities a step further, would say he would rather be seen to be right sometimes than be thought charming always. This is what makes (non-)confrontation with Enoch Powell – the star turn in a long Introduction – so very good. The two met, sort of, on the panel of *Any Questions*: Raphael, a man not altogether sure at any given moment how much truth he is prepared to suppress in the interests of sociability and a quiet life; and Powell, a man who insists that the air around him shall be purged of inaccuracy and the unverifiable – in which he includes impurities like optimism, tact, benevolent fancy and the whole paraphernalia of liberal mental reservation to which Raphael, thanks to the Carthusian agony, is doubly subject. Nothing happens, of course (I 'met' Powell myself not long ago, and I don't really see how anything *can*) but the way it happens is not easily forgotten.

I wish I could say more, but to fit Marilyn Monroe and the Albigensian Crusade into a single paragraph is beyond my powers of plotting. Nor shall I claim to see a profitable connection (though I know some who might) between the Vatican finances and Charles

Gavin Ewart

Those to Whom Evil is Done Do Evil in Return

He sits there as bland as a biscuit
and it all falls into his lap –
he's smooth as a chocolate biscuit,
but full of crap.

It isn't easy to like him,
though several people have tried –
obsequiousness on the surface,
a bully inside.

it was better to be above him
for when he started to climb
anyone under his climbing boots
had a bad time.

A self-made man from the outset,
he worked at it night and day,
with a kick in the groin for people who
got in his way;

no mother, a father neglecting,
with a fear for the deep abyss
of the unemployed and the failures,
now he's like this.

I think it would have been better
for us and his employees
if Fate had never allowed him to get
up off his knees.

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Manson. The fact that these subjects fall easily within Mr Raphael's range reminds me of what I really like about his reviewing career: he picks up a great many books I would not even ask to be given. That's the sort of colleague one wants. Unfortunately, his reviews leave one feeling he's had all the best stuff. Well, he didn't get this one.

John Ryle

New Music

Great Days by DONALD BARTHELME *Routledge* £4.95
Happy All The Time by LAURIE COLWIN *Chatto* £4.95
Offshore by PENELOPE FITZGERALD *Collins* £4.50
A Prize Paradise by OLIVER PRITCHETT *Eyre Methuen* £4.95

The vagaries of experimental prose are seen at their wackiest in the short story, where conventions of narrative are more easily discarded than in the novel. The wary expectations concerning plot and character the reader brings to a novel are bound, in the course of reading, to be subverted or fulfilled, but short stories engender fewer formal expectations. This is just as well when the author is Donald Barthelme, whose style is so free-form it seems accidental ('just a piece of language I picked up somewhere') and whose stories are so immaculately plotless that some of them could be read backwards without appreciable loss of sense.

Barthelme has written novels too, but his reputation is based on stories published over the last 15 years in the *New Yorker*. *Great Days* is the fifth collection of these, still deadpan, whimsical, sardonic and inconsequential. In the opening and closing pieces disembodied voices slither past each other echoing fragments of human conversation. In other stories men and women come and go talking of Magritte or Lear or Kierkegaard. It doesn't matter who; Barthelme's stories do not depend on the existence of a world outside his text. He writes, for instance, what purports to be a country music version of Mozart's *Abduction from the Seraglio*, but it is not intended to add to an understanding of Mozart – or art – as Borges' version of *Don Quixote* does. It is not even a parody. It is simply a joke that underlines the complete break Barthelme's modernism makes with traditional modes of composition. His obsession with jazz ('The King of Jazz' and 'The New Music') is indicative. His writing has the same lack of connection with the classical line; its bizarre riffs and gleefully bent notes are authentically modern, twisting old themes into unrecognisable shapes. 'I don't care much for the new *qua* new,' he writes, 'But this new music! . . .' Reading Barthelme is like listening to avant-garde jazz: you really have to be a fan. His determination to be inaccessible and simultaneously deny that there is anything to have access to ('Cogito ergo nothing') leaves him open to the indifference of the reader who remains unentranced.

Laurie Colwin, at a guess, would be one of those who would not care much for the new music. *Happy All the Time* is strictly waltz-time, a coy modern version of old-style romantic love. American boys meet American girls, fall in love and after a few ins and outs, get married. They live happily ever after (they weren't doing too badly before). They are terrifically courteous. They have candlelit dinners and good sex and don't go in for psychoanalysis or sleep with one another's wives. They have an engagingly easy-going attitude to material possessions, which they can afford to because they have money enough to buy them when they want them. The mildly fatuous sentimentality of *Happy All the Time* ('refreshing', 'life-affirming' for those who like that sort of thing) is skilfully coated in a pleasantly laconic style, making a bitter-sweet confection reminiscent of violet-scented chocolates. Since she is without irony Ms Colwin cannot altogether avoid bathos: 'Marriage, it turned out, was a series of small events'; 'A moral sense . . . helped you be good when you weren't very nice.' But she is the kind of novelist who is mortally afraid of being tedious, so it seldom lasts long enough to be painful. If there is to be a romantic backlash, let it be her that wields the thong.

Happy All the Time is really a children's book for adults and so, in another way, is Penelope Fitzgerald's *Offshore*. Set in a houseboat community on Battersea reach in the 1960s, *Offshore* is full of richly eccentric characters who are terrifically English: a terrifically English estate agent trying to sell a leaking barge, a terrifically English layabout, a terrifically English male prostitute, and so on. For them there is simply nothing like messing about in houseboats. But it's not all mudlarks and Whistler nocturnes down on the waterfront; behind the brass-bound portholes holds are leaking and hearts are breaking. 'He drank as though his glass was a blowhole in Arctic ice and to drink his only hope of survival.' Ms Fitzgerald has a wayward touch with metaphors. Do boat-dwellers really go around saying 'I won't go down without a struggle'? And she has a distracting didactic streak (Turner couldn't do seagulls for toffee, you see, because he didn't know that they always alight on the highest point). Some of the scenes in *Offshore* are as affecting as they are intended to be, but there are rather too many characters in the book and not enough people. It was Ronald Knox, the subject of an admirable biography by Ms Fitzgerald, who wrote 'biographies should be made about people you love, novels about those you dislike'. Ms Fitzgerald seems to be too fond of her people for them to come fully to life in her novel.

Oliver Pritchett, however, has nothing but genial contempt for the cast of loopy expatriates and bland con-men in his tropical farce. The tiny grapefruit republic of St Agnes in the West Indies is gravely disturbed by the arrival of a couple who have won the holiday of a lifetime in a competition organised by Overseas Citrus, the island's main employer. The consul falls in love with the tourist's wife. A company man believes he has caught *Tristezia*, a disease affecting citrus fruit. Several others go a bit bananas. The company is threatened with nationalisation. Pritchett could not be accused of expressing an excess of sensitivity to the rightful aspirations of the oppressed people of the Third World to self-determination and the control of their own resources; but *A Prize Paradise* has a nice Calypso touch and a satirical edge that spares neither white nor black.

Craig Raine

Down on the Funny Farm

The bell-bottomed carthorse stands
catatonic in its field –

lost *raison d'etre* of the limp astrolabe
that hangs in the outhouse

to demonstrate an equine universe.
You can see it cock an ear

and answer the grass in confidence.
Its ancestors haunt

the mixing bowl, stirred to a gallop
by the wooden spoon

and libations of flour and milk.
Everything is a little mad:

the twitchy rod has lost its thread
and gone to pieces,

so we keep it in a canvas jacket
with the tapes firmly tied.

Cows certify with shit,
sealing the land like a dotty diploma

and the distempered buildings
are powdered Turkish Delight . . .

But is it still a comedy of humours
to be suddenly touched

by the sight of a new-laid egg?
To want to wipe away

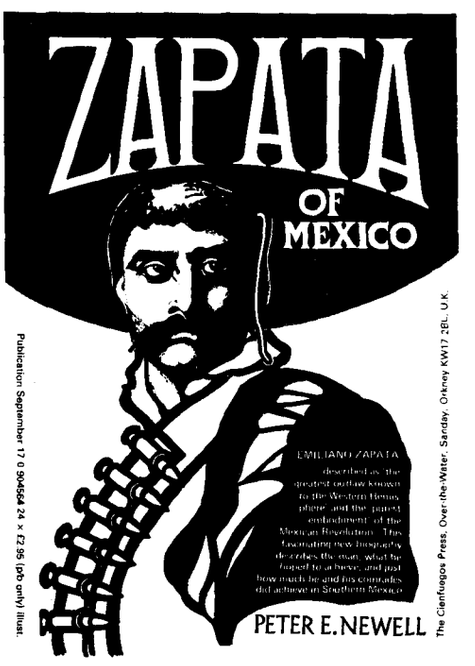
from this one smudged face
the mucus and the excrement,

so many final straws
and the dirt of all dried tears?

Cold beyond comfort, it rocks
in a kitchen bowl.

And what about the kitchen bowl?
Poor dogsbody,

its hard enamel
is chipped like a dalmatian . . .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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

Julian Barnes

In the Open

Justice for Clayton Moore! That is the campaigning cry this week. Justice for a poor (well, probably quite rich) old man of 64; a hero who some 20 years ago first ignited this column's devotion to the little box; a giant of a man who, flanked by his trusty companion Tonto (the late, great Jay Silverheels), week after week galloped across the same piece of low-rent scrub to the sound of the *William Tell* overture, and disapppeared in a cloud of dust with a hearty Hi-yo Silver. Clayton Moore made 195 episodes of *The Lone Ranger* between 1949 and 1956, but last week was stripped of his right to the name by a pipsqueak court in Los Angeles, following an application by a company called Lone Ranger Television Inc (and where do they think *they* would have been without Mr. Moore?). The judge impudently forbade him to 'wear a mask substantially similar to that worn by the Lone Ranger,' and ordered him further to 'stop advertising himself as the Lone Ranger'.

Mr Moore conducted himself throughout the affair with impeccable dignity. He declined to appear personally in court because he naturally refuses to remove either his mask or his famous white hat in public. Quite right too. Lone Ranger Television Inc have presumably made a great deal of the long green out of Mr Moore, and their behaviour towards him is shoddy and immoral. In large parts of the civilised world Clayton will remain, inalienably, the only true Ranger there can ever possibly be. The new greenhorn 'Ranger', who is about to be foisted on the viciously unsentimental juvenile viewers of today, will, I can promise him, never receive a notice of any sort from this column; and if a certain judgeling in Los Angeles is found in the next few days with a silver bullet between his shoulder-blades, I for one will not be in the least upset.

But then this hasn't been a week to reinforce your confidence in the American legal system. The first three adhesive nights of *Circuit Eleven Miami* (BBC-2), using TV footage from the Florida courtroom, rapidly disabused one of any hopeful, lingering belief that *Perry Mason* or *The Defenders* ever traded on some form of realism. Imagine being in the witness box and having a roly-poly Paul Anka of a defence lawyer (one eye on the jury, one on the camera) suddenly try this little number on you: 'Sir, isn't it true that you would sell your asshole for anickel of heroin?' It goes, I suppose, without saying, that the witness on this occasion entirely failed to react in the required *Mason* fashion – blubbing, bellowing his guilt, and admitting that, yes, indeed, that was exactly his price.

The case of Thomas Perri concerned the murder of a helpless, deaf old man, and came about only because the chief prosecution witness, Stephen Weiss, had turned state's evidence to avoid being fried to a crisp himself. All three main participants appeared to have been on hard drugs (the defendant was seen giggling his way through his arrest, shouting at the TV cameras, 'I'm a star'); the two advocates kept falling into playground squabbles with each other; the forensic pathologist (a certain Dr Diggs – he must have come out of an American version of *Happy Families,* or maybe *Cluedo*) treated the jury as if they were trainee idiots – 'When I say abdomen, a lot of people refer to that as the stomach area'; and the jury convicted on the basis of one fingerprint, one hair, and the testimony of a confessed murderer. Perri earned himself a date with Old Sparky, as the Florida electric chair is familiarly known; Weiss got 15 years, reduced for good TV behaviour, reduced again by parole.

The process often seemed bungling, melodramatic, slapdash; but it hardly gave grounds for the sort of complacency about our own system exhibited by Walter Merricks, a British lawyer who contributes WEA tailpieces to each programme. After one bit of Floridan inter-advocate petulance, he commented primly, 'In England, lawyers tend to be a bit more self-disciplined'; I don't somehow think that if I were on a toasting rap I'd think it jolly bad form for my lawyer to lose the old rag from time to time. And in any case, beyond the initial, quickly-answered question about trial on television – 'Did the presence of the cameras produce a better justice for Thomas Perri?' (Answer: No) – lies a larger one: might not the enormous publicity given by television to the machinery of the courts lead in the long term to changes which will produce better justice for future Thomas Perris? It's easy to sit here 3,000 miles away being squeamish at the sight of a young prosecuting counsel hitching a political ride from the corpse of one of Old Sparky's victims; but at least the Americans have the boldness to expose their legal system – like much else in the body politic – to the widest public scrutiny. (Soon, no doubt, it will be declared unconstitutional for a CIA agent to work without the presence of TV cameras.) Over here, exactly the same sort of squalid plea-bargaining goes on; questionable deals are struck; lawyers go into court with scandalous lack of briefing; and juries are cowed and swayed, maybe less by gut appeals and a monetarist approach to the death penalty ('Do you, as tax-payers . . .'), but by pomposity, a screen of non-information, and the law's own self-mythologising. A touch of Floridan exposure over here wouldn't be amiss.

A very nasty new show has just started on Saturday afternoons called *Junior That's Life* (BBC-1), hosted, of course, by Esther – 'If there are any girls out there envying me, I'd say, remember I'm a prototype' – Rantzen. In my more paranoid moments of future fantasy, I imagine *That's Life* taking over the whole of television: next will be *Geriatric That's Life,* then *Teenage That's Life,* then *Change of Life That's Life,* then *Breastfeeding That's Life,* then *Quite Old But Not Very Old That's Life,* until every generational interstice is well and truly stuffed by Esther. And for the very few minutes when she is off the screen, we shall all be forced to watch the new facsimile Lone Ranger.

On *Junior TL* the Prototype was wearing one of her new Prototypical, bare-shouldered, Grecian-style bits of Yuki, or Suki, or Taki, or whoever: the confection, spun from baby-blue and cloud-pink chiffon, swept down until it softly kissed the studio floor. It was an odd sight on one's screen at 5.30 on a Saturday afternoon – as if Esther had mistakenly wandered into the studio instead of going to the ethnic wedding in North London for which she had been dressed. However, to take some of the heat off the Prototype, *Junior* has a new, and quite nasty feature: a ten-year-old sage called Shaun Ley, who wittily occupies Cyril Fletcher's deep-buttoned thinker's chair. Shaun, in blue cardie and boffin's specs, makes a squeaky fist of reading the autocue, tells kids' jokes, and has obviously been encouraged to be as pert as he can manage. After an exchange of puns with Esther, he eyes the camera cutely and murmurs in his unbroken voice, 'Oooooo, women!' He also does a 'surprised' look when the audience groans at his jokes, and quips, 'Cheeky'. I fear for Shaun. He might become extremely popular. And then, in 50 years' time, he might find some outfit called Shaun Ley Television Inc getting a court order to make him remove his boffin's specs.

Among this week's contributors:

JULIAN BARNES's first novel, *Metroland*, will be published early next year by Cape.

JOHN COLEMAN is the author of *The Enormous Bed.*

RUSSELL DAVIES 'works' for the *Sunday Times* and ITV.

Sport

Russell Davies

Air Time

As this column has only one more week to run before giving way to a wider coverage of the arts, it is probably time we tucked the thumbs into the armholes of the waistcoat, drummed the fingers lightly up and down the ample torso, and addressed a grave peroration to the jury. However, the habit of preferring the jeroboam to the jeremiad dies hard; so I'm afraid that, like the barfly on the Titanic who went down still calling for more ice, we shall just continue to continue till we drop.

It is surely no bad thing these days to try to make sport of sport. Somebody has to. On the terraces and up in the grandstands and round the boundaries, of course, everybody does. One of the great releasing pleasures of attending a sporting fixture comes in the uttering of irresponsible remarks about the performers on show. The privilege is paid for. I have never been a great shouter of advice to sportsmen, but I fully understand the motives of those who are. Escaping one year from the miasma of cultural sanctimony at the Edinburgh Festival (strange how the ceaseless ven-

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eration of classical music will turn anyone and everyone, sooner or later, into an infant-school headmaster type like Joseph Cooper), I went and endured, instead, some sort of inessential evening League Cup tie between Hibs and Morton. The match was notable for goallessness, more goallessness, and the utter lack of any prospect of anything other than goallessness; for a prodigiously colourful sunset, which from the high open bank on one side of the Hibs ground can be quite a sight; and for the presence on the clustering terraces of a slight young man in a shetland jumper (pullover would be too strong a word) who, in between shivers, kept rending the red-dyed dusk with savage homilies. The most prized of his nuggety counsels, 'Away hame tae yer draught porridge, yer *blue-nauzed basstads*!', was repeated perhaps once too often for the more fastidious of visiting drama-critics, but opera-lovers would have admired the relentless *crescendo*; and as a comment on the play, it had its humane side, besides being well-deserved.

Possibly the worst thing that is happening to sport (Stravinsky reckoned that it happened to music long ago) is that it is being allowed to command too much respect, of a certain kind. That it should command more *time* than formerly is inevitable, given that the 'civilised world' is gradually granting itself more time off to watch civilisation in progress. But time no longer passes un-paid-for; it's air-time, which means money and managers and showbiz, and that peculiarly craven respect which people accord to showbiz nowadays. It's part of the vicarious hollering materialism we're learning from America (have you noticed how the galleries at our golf tournaments have begun to do the Stateside war-whoop when anybody well-known so much as hits the green?) Among the things about America that fascinate me (its music, for example, to continue our sub-theme), the sporting set-up is well up in the class of Horrors. 'There goes Carl Schnurdstrom now, third in the money-list!' What kind of admiration is that?

It will be some time before our national games of soccer, rugby and cricket begin to be swallowed up by the money-league ideal. Team-games give themselves over to it that much more gradually. But year by year we are bidding a retreating goodbye to tennis as a bearable spectacle. One senses that the stars of the sport enjoy Wimbledon now precisely because it is such an anachronism – it can't survive long on that basis. The American tournament atmosphere in recent days hit a remarkable new low in sordid gamesmanship: Flushing Meadow is the Forest Lawn of tennis as Wimbledon remembers it.

One of the most moving commentaries on sporting life I have seen during my tenure in these pages occurred in the TV documentary on Wilf Mannion, the hero of Middlesbrough, who currently spends his days shinning up and down boilers in an overall. It appeared that he had been spectacularly badly catered for by his old employers. The last thing one would wish for would be the return of those days. But at the same time, I am not encouraged by a vision of a fatty Mannion in a mauve leather suit, entertaining David Vine in the roof garden of his Whitley Bay Soccer Ranch and Casino. How can a sportsman express anything in, with or for a society if he is immediately filched from the midst of it and turned into a vulgar tycoon? Even our enjoyment of Sebastian Coe, who is hugely to be admired and patently the heroic soul of amateurism (right down to having his training interrupted by a warning from the police for causing an obstruction), is subtly poisoned by the unctuous 'welcome to the Excellence Club' manner with which David Coleman treats him in a TV interview. Coleman is unjustly rubbished, in my opinion, for his supposedly super-fatuous commentaries: he tends to plonk, but he is really no more accident-prone than most, and sometimes quite impressive in picking up the minor placings in the sprints. Where he *is* at fault is in parading his chuckling intimacy with everyone from the Minister of Sport to, say, the Chairman of Watford (mustn't go too low). He's an achievement-snob – by no means the worst sort to be, but a dangerous encouragement to the already established trend towards the us-and-them star system.

As I seem to have uttered a Jeremiad after all, perhaps I could splash out a belated drop of the bubbly by congratulating India on their quite remarkable performance in the Test. All sporting spectacles to some extent enshrine the impromptu; but when the Unexpected creeps up on one in this delicious, day-long fashion until with half an hour to go it reveals itself as the Expected after all, and *then* does not live up to expectations – well, it makes one wonder whether the proponents of improvisatory theatre ought not perhaps to concede defeat straight away. Personally, I am content to watch sport in order to observe the characters, but that only makes it all the more exciting when they come together, every so often, in a marvellous play.

Films

Christopher Hitchens

Starfish

Alien (X) *Odeon Leicester Square*

The chief reason why 'in space no one can hear you scream' is that in space there is nothing and nobody to listen. Allowance made for this gigantic suspension of disbelief, *Alien* is not at all unwatchable. As the special effects Mafia take over our studios, it becomes more and more likely that 'co-productions' will be consummated between the horror faction and the extraterrestrial lobby. And why not? The resulting fruit-machine of silver-dollars seems able, as it disgorges, to finance the hiring of some decent actors.

Synopsis is almost otiose. A hefty 'space-tug', named the *Nostromo* by some poet and dreamer in the writing department (and presumably not named the *Narcissus* because of Yaphet Kotto's ebony presence on the set) is cruising routinely through deep space. Its five man and two girl crew are not asleep. They are in 'hypersleep'. The computer wakes them to answer a signal from a 'planetoid' close by. From the moment they step outside, the poor working stiffs obey every horror-film convention there is. The chief of these conventions states that players in such movies will behave with total disregard for rational self-interest *at all times*.

The team find an eerie structure, which looks from the outside like two vast and trunkless legs of stone. They enter it. It proves to be a wrecked alien starship with some traces of its dead crew. They persist. A vast and 'bottomless' cavern appears. They lower one of their number into it on a rope. He finds a layer of light at the bottom which protects a crop of 'eggs'. He penetrates the layer. One of the eggs is crepitating with disgusting activity, and opens for him to reveal a bad-oyster lookalike. He peers with boyish interest into the interior. It spits a live and howling squid on to his face. The others take him back to the ship (across a freezing and windswept moon-face) with the alien still in place. They are admitted to the ship with open arms. From then on, it is all downhill.

Of course, things are made no better by the presence of a robot fifth columnist on board (have fun guessing who). And of course Yaphet Kotto does actually say 'Let's get out of here; this place gives me the creeps'. But one might think that, just once, a canny crew member might go around a corner other than backwards. Or that a search party might obey the order to 'keep together' for more than 30 seconds. Or that the ship's cat (another nautical metaphor to go with *Nostromo* and orders like 'port yaw') would not create frantic searches for itself at allegedly key points.

The result of all this tired and tiring technique is that the tension is all in the anticipation. Moments which make audiences think 'don't do that' or perhaps 'I wouldn't do that if I were you' suffer from being prolonged. And the creature, when it appears in its multiple metamorphoses, is a let-down. The highest voltage is in nausea rather than fright; a really baroque happening such as a fanged creature fighting its way out of a living stomach wall is mildly revolting, but not terrifying in the least. I suppose now you all want to see it.

The main pleasure in attending on your behalf lies in the actors. Ms Sigourney Weaver, hereby launched both by Fox and by this column, is extremely beautiful and could handle better lines than she gets (though somehow the habit of referring to the alien as a 'fucker' and a 'sonofabitch' seems OK for these cosmic truckers). Mr Ian Holm you all know; he manages the event of his own literal deliquescence with RSC aplomb. Mr Yaphet Kotto's job is to defuse all scenes which might become serious, rather like the unit goon in dog-soldier movies; he succeeds very well. John Hurt behaves as I would hope to do if I had a sizzling starfish wrapped round my face, though I must say that if it had eaten its way through my helmet I would expect to suffer more lasting damage.

A word, finally, about the nicer points of design. Ridley Scott (of *The Duellists*) is a good director, and H. R. Giger has a Bosch-like imagination. Indeed, he makes himself sound like a deeply screwed-up guy. The swirling shapes of the original 'alien' structure are marvellous at first sight, and well situated by the score. But the bonanza of technical effects becomes James Bond-like in its style after a bit. Surely, too, we can improve on that old and repetitive *Star Wars* shot of the underside of a spaceship moving over our heads into the horizon. And the very word 'effect', which takes up no less than 12 names in the lush credits, is rather treacherous, isn't it? There is a suggestion of hucksterism in the term, almost of tinsel and pasteboard. Perhaps Hollywood could come up with a more serious and pseudo-artistic way of referring to its latest staple. Star Wares, possibly.

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Edinburgh Diary

Sean Hignett

More Parades

☐ One of the first things I did when I arrived in Scotland nearly half my life ago was to put my foot in it. Unable, on the overnight sleeper, to find either the heat or light switch, I sweated in the glare through a sleepless night. In the morning I remarked to the man in the upper bunk, an Edinburgh leather merchant who appeared to have slept in his hat and woollen combinations, 'You would think they'd have showers on the train in this country.' He replied dourly – an adverb that until then had no meaning for me – 'We've got showers in this country.' The train had, you see, even as I had been stretching myself, slipped quietly north of Hadrian's Wall.

Twenty years later, the Athens of the North still holds predictable surprises, lurking like dinosaurs in the Lothian swamps and refusing to lie down and ossify. Last week I had the taxi-driver who thinks the only good thing about the Festival is the Tattoo. And there's the annual District Councillor who wants to stop all this waste of money and re-open the *steamies*, Edinburgh's vintage wash-houses. Not long ago, an American group were performing a Wild West version of *The Taming of the Shrew* – matinees only, to good reviews – just the thing to tempt a reluctant daughter into an interest in Shakespeare. The trouble was, Edinburgh schools return the minute the Festival starts. I wrote to her headmistress, explaining why I should like my daughter to have the afternoon off. She refused, saying that if she allowed my daughter off to go to the theatre, all the other pupils might want to do the same.

I was reminded of that by a letter in *The Scotsman* last week, thanking goodness that the schools were back and shielding their pupils from the 'so-called cultural offerings' of the Festival. 'Music and plays are perfectly well catered for in our schools and we in Scotland have our own way of dealing with things like Shakespeare, etc.'

☐ The Rustaveli Company from Soviet Georgia had their own way of dealing with Shakespeare – marvellously. But it took the Festival audience half of their short run to catch on and the first three days they played to houses a little over a third full. By the end of the week, they were packed out. So, I gather, was the wardrobe room at the Royal Lyceum, where those of the cast not on stage packed round a small black-and-white telly to watch *The Good, The Bad and The Ugly*. The Georgians had their own way of dealing with 'etc' too. Pressed at a press conference after the first night of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* to explain why they had depoliticised Brecht's play by removing the very boring prologue, Robert Sturua, the Rustaveli director, explained that he believed in entertainment and entertaining the prologue was not. He was pressed again. Well, he added, *The Caucasian Chalk Circle* would have seemed like a very bad Russian play, if we'd kept the prologue. Then, insistently, a follow-up question of stunning irrelevance. 'Do Georgians feel the same about being called Russians as we Scots do about being called English?' There was no answer to that.

☐ Other press conferences showed that no news is news. Billy Connolly was not at a conference for a demonstration against VAT in the arts: news. The Glasgow Citizens Company, presenting *Chinchilla* and *The Good-Humoured Ladies*, did not hold a press conference: news. At the shindig to open the Fringe, an American girl in flowing white gauze and flowers, like the young ladies who solicit lapel-grabbing subscriptions for the Maharishi or the Moonies in California airports, urged me to turn up at 9.00 a.m. any morning to learn the secret of peace, joy and inner tranquillity. Learning the secret of outer freneticism in the Traverse Bar till after two each morning, I've no doubt that a nine o'clock meditation would have very successfully sent me to sleep. But then the young lady asked me just what the NEW STATESMAN was. I never did make it.

☐ I did make the anti-VAT-on-the-arts march which ended with speeches, from politicians as much as artists, telling us, somewhat needlessly, why we'd been marching. I suppose there had to be some way of ending the march and a good ending is hard to find anywhere on the Fringe this year. As it was, we settled into the Playhouse cinema to a pop-up organist playing 'There's No Business Like Show Business'. The Playhouse has been saved from demolition and speculation by the voluntary Playhouse Society and ought to open next year to give an extra Fringe or Official venue. Comfortable and, steeply raked, with excellent sight lines, that's good news, though we keep getting told that it is no substitute for an Opera House. Up the road, another cinema where the carbon-arcs went out a decade ago had been cleared of rats and rubbish by Wizard of the Warp, Ken Campbell. Campbell and his crew moved into the Regent Cinema a couple of months ago and begged, borrowed etc. to mend the leaking roof, swab out a stinking swamp at the bottom of the stalls, repaint, re-wire and re-plumb the place. *The Warp* runs for 20 hours and, at £10 a go, had small audiences to begin with, hardly more than the cast and the occasional dog sniffing around the steep ramp where the stalls used to be. But by Sunday, after the demo, and now on H.P. at £1 per two hours, *The Warp* had an audience. Or rather, a following, moving about the dark cavern from episode to episode, cheering rather than applauding each scene and occasionally waking up in one. It all felt somehow like the privileged kick of being at a rehearsal, chatting to festival faces that passed by, as at a sidewalk cafe with something to watch.

☐ Being forced to re-discover abandoned fleapits and see for the first time Georgian marvels hidden down closes in the Old Town is one of the delights of the Festival. Up in the Royal Mile, behind the Fringe Office, an elegant but long-lost building was once George Heriot's School. Then, its floors removed to make a tall empty space, a wireworks. Now it's the Wireworks Theatre. Fireplaces hang eerily from the walls like scenes from *The Warp* and it is desperately cold even for an Edinburgh August, but a young group from Oxford is determined to make it a year-round theatre. It could indeed be a very elegant little showplace. I saw Rowan Atkinson there in what must be the Festival's funniest show. A sketch in which two Americans misunderstand each other has wrecked conversation in our household ever since. 'Senator Brierley's wife is a horse? ! ! '– try that when someone's not listening to you, is being slow to understand or is well-seated in the saddle of some boring hobby-horse. It's a marvellous gob-stopper.

☐ Like no news being news, other Catch 22s abound. The most novel explanation of the *son sans lumière*, now-you-see-it, now-you-don't, lighting of *Parade*, the theatre costume exhibition, was that some of the clothes were too worn or badly made to bear close inspection. Elsewhere, an actor explained that some boring and banal dialogue was intended by the author to be boring and banal – i.e. success equals walking out. The best Catch of all comes from 'Spiderwoman', a feminist group singing 1930s songs very badly and piledriving their view that Rogers, Hammerstein, Hart, Porter and Berlin are sexist. Once you've got the point – which takes all of two embarrassing minutes – you're in for a very boring evening. But if you leave, you're a male chauvinist pig. I left, slipping through the curtains at a dark moment. Another bored man was not so lucky. He had a tin tray and a load of abuse thrown at him.

Art

John Spurling

Tongs

The question an art critic on holiday might usefully put to himself, as he shelters from the rain in Arthur Marshall country, is why his subject in general counts for less than the other three visuals: cinema, TV and theatre. Is it that we lack a Ruskin, or would a contemporary Ruskin avoid writing about art? Probably he would, since what interests most people about the arts is not aesthetics, but meaning. In his study of Romanticism and Expressionism, *Romantic Roots in Modern Art* (Gresham Books, £8.50), August Wiedmann quotes a passage about a sunset by the 19th-century novelist Ludwig Tieck:

> If only you painters could create something like this. I would no longer demand from you history painting, those passionate, confused representations composed of innumerable figures. My soul would be content and rejoice in these garish colours without connection. Gladly would I miss action, passion and composition . . . But, O my friend, you lack the colours; and 'meaning', as usually understood, is unfortunately a condition of your art.

More than a century later the wheel has come full circle; the artist's gradually extended licence to dispense with representation and meaning and to confine action, passion and composition purely to relationships of colour and form, has brought him almost complete freedom at the price of almost complete neglect.

The process is well charted in two recent books. Dr Wiedmann's compares Romanticism chapter by chapter with its 20th-century descendant Expressionism and provides the

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emotional history of the artists' retreat into the wilderness. Pantheism and organicism, the quest for unity, love and longing, the reaction against reason, the power of the unconscious, the attraction of the primitive and primordial: these were some of the alluring prospects that first beckoned down the primrose path. With Harold Osborne's *Abstraction and Artifice in 20th-Century Art* (Oxford, £6.95), the way becomes steeper and stonier. The artists' obsession with their own souls and feelings leads to a concentration on their own techniques and processes, a dislike of artifice and illusion and eventually – at least as formulated by Lawrence Alloway – a kind of terrorist notion of meaning: 'meaning follows from the presence of the work of art, not from its capacity to signify absent events or values (a landscape, the Passion, or whatever).' The final step is to abandon the art-object altogether, replacing it either with ready-made objects from the outside world (natural or man-made) or with concepts, statements, performances, environments, etc. The ostensible purpose may be to bring artist and viewer into a more direct relationship; the outcome is to deprive the relationship of meaning and alienate all but the tiny minority which remains interested in the theory and practice of aesthetics.

It is symptomatic of contemporary art's sense of its own meaninglessness, of its unimportance to any world but its own, that both these excellent books are written, as it were, with tongs. Dr Wiedmann writes disarmingly in his introduction that 'stylistically, an attempt has been made to add colour and persuasion to the views presented' and indeed his is a lively and persuasive book. But persuasive towards what? Towards a clearer understanding of the two movements he discusses, their close links and the links both have with modern art. He would not for a moment suggest that Romanticism or Expressionism should have any meaning for us other than as important episodes in the history of art. If anything he emits a faint odour of antipathy, as if he were personally relieved that the movements he so persuasively analyses had at last run their devastating courses; and he quotes Salvador Dali with seeming approval: 'We are all hungry and thirsty for concrete images. Abstract art will have been good for one thing: to restore its exact virginity to figurative art'.

Harold Osborne treats his subject-matter even more distantly. His is the most rigorously no-nonsense account I have read of the main movements of 20th-century art. He distinguishes carefully between what he terms 'semantic abstraction' – abstraction in its true sense of simplified representation – and 'non-iconic abstraction' – painting or sculpture which represents nothing but itself. He is equally careful to pin down the exact differences between, say, Vorticism, Futurism and Suprematism, and to stiffen up all such loose usages as 'expressive' and 'expressionism'. But although when he brings his account right up to date he shows slight signs of impatience with aspects of Minimalism and Conceptualism, he at no point drops his cool, judicious tone. The meaning art has for him is evidently the meaning language has for a lexicographer.

The central image of E. H. Gombrich's *The Sense of Order* (Phaidon, £15) is Raphael's 'Madonna della Sedia', in the Palazzo Pitti, and its elaborate frame, made c.1700. The frame is of course the true subject of this sonorously good-humoured, characteristically Gombrichian study of the psychology of decorative art, but one is kept aware throughout of the frame's ultimate purpose, namely the containment and dignification of the circular masterpiece at its centre. Just so, all Sir Ernst's curious erudition, his diagrams and his psychological insights into the making and appreciation of decoration circle around and supply the outworks to his life's study of art itself. His approach may be scholarly and scientific and in this latest book chiefly concerned with such relatively humble matters as pattern-making, symmetry, the origins of certain ornamental devices such as the acanthus-leaf, and even dress and tattooing, but one cannot be in any doubt that they are important to him because beyond and within them lies the Raphael.

The Puritan repudiation of artifice and illusion which Mr Osborne shows to be one of the most powerful tendencies of art this century has inevitably made decoration and ornament seem especially suspect; in setting out to restore our respect for them, Sir Ernst tacitly offers to restore also (as he has already done in *Art and Illusion)* the meaning we have customarily found in painting and sculpture.

But it is not a matter of putting the clock back, of retiring behind Romanticism, or at least Cubism, to a time when the artist claimed less for himself and gave more. However arid its forms may be at the moment, art has not after all lacked meaning this century, it has only been too self-absorbed and volatile to be much bothered about sharing it with the public. Art historians can be relied on to put the past in order, but the present belongs to the artists. If, as I suspect, they are beginning to resent counting for so little, they may soon be looking for a way out of the wilderness. That way can only be through meaning, not through further experiments with form and process. This column awaits the call.

Theatre

Margaretta D'Arcy

Derry Do

The H-Block Play by MICHAEL MCKILLICUDDY *People's Festival, Derry*
Minehead Revisited by THE BRIXTON FAERIES *Oval House*
Sore Throats by HOWARD BRENTON *Warehouse*

'I am going to squeeze the Catholic population until they vomit the gunmen out of their system': thus spake Jehovah Kitson, but the people heeded Him not. Moreover, when they were presented with a concrete Hell called H-Block, and it was declared that those inside it were Lucifer and his minions, to be spurned and abandoned by all, they gathered together in their thousands, and cried out with one voice – 'Not Lucifer but Christ: and behold we shall bring Him forth!' This in effect was the meaning of the 25-minute play I saw in Northern Ireland during the week of intensive political publicity leading up to the huge Brits Out rally at Casement Park on 12 August. The Derry People's Festival of music, film, theatre, song and dance, continuing non-stop from the Thursday evening until Saturday 3 pm (the hour when the Apprentice Boys – decrepit boozy blimps brandishing their drawn swords – were to pass the gates of the Bogside), was held in a symbolic No-go area set up to commemorate the 'Free Derry' of 1969. This compound was a haven of peace in the midst of the aggressive environment – Saracens, helicopters, flak-jacketed troopers and plastic bullets – created by the security forces to put fear into those who reject the Queen's Writ: a diabolic panorama by Bosch enclosing a visionary miniature from the pen of William Blake.

Between the highrise flats where the guns of Bloody Sunday had rattled, two seven-year-olds were dancing in the middle of circle, white legs flashing like fireflies through the autumnal evening to the music of fiddle, accordion, tin-whistle – then an announcement: 'The Monologue from the Man in H-Block,' The main lights go out: a pair of yellow footlights illuminate a *tableau vivant* of a half-naked emaciated crouching figure in his blanket. The crowd surges forward: middle-aged women standing on walls to see better. The sonorous chords of Sean O'Riada's heart-lifting *Mise Eire* film-score: and a taped voice begins:

> 'It's the cold I feel . . . I'll never be warm again. Then as summer comes, the heat and stench become unbearable. I was naive when I came in. I accepted the screws that they had to earn a living like the rest of us: but not now.

The harrowing narrative goes on and on, punctuated by chords of music. The crowd is spell-bound. Tears trickle down watching faces: one is suddenly aware that there are people here with their own sons in the H-Blocks. The young author of the play, an ex-art student, himself has a 16-year-old brother inside on the blanket. What else are we assisting at but unequivocal theatre-of-commitment, on both sides of the footlights – in fact the one available technique whereby the three-dimensional reality of the hidden prison can be conveyed to friends and relatives?

The previous night in Belfast I had watched another performance of the same play: on this occasion there was a real released prisoner who spoke to the audience – the relationship between him and his enacted simulacrum was hallucinatory – and then, with an announcement that we were actually going to see photographs taken inside the prison itself by a camera smuggled in, the mixture of modes of reality reached the border of disorientation. These photographs were shown incidentally at a press conference: the British press with its usual 'impartiality' ignored them lest they distracted from the subsequent image of the display of arms in the Falls Road. The republican combination of guerrilla ingenuity with man-of-sorrows heroic endurance is too much for minds conditioned by the pervasive racialist image of the thick Paddy.

The figure on the glowing stage stands up, one nude arm extended as though on a baroque altar-piece (if NS readers are repelled by the hagiographic Catholicity of the symbolism, remember it is the British propaganda machine with its insistence on criminal status *or nothing* that has given so emotional a ploy to the rebels): 'I am not a criminal: I am a political prisoner engaged in the liberation of my country for a socialist republic . . .' The

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lights go out. Tension is unbearable: then suddenly the energy of emotion bursts forth with cheering and stamping of feet: the lights go on again: the prisoner is revealed once more in silent defiance: then lights finally go out: and the audience is left to carry on his message. The women from the Relatives' Action Committee begin their own blanket-wrapped vigil on the stage surrounded by blazing cressets made from oil-drums – they will continue all night and we are to sit with them.

A few hours later, after the big Sunday march, I saw the wrath of Jehovah descend in a fearsome manifestation of military para-theatre upon the Divis Flats, Belfast. Again the whole Hieronymous Bosch bag-of-tricks, met by women and children tinkling and clattering their tin lids and coca-cola cans in a dervish-dance alarum of resistance.

The Brixton Faeries too are engaged in resistance, against the monolithic Jehovah of sexual rather than national repression. Their message, brilliantly and satirically conveyed through a parable of the Passion of Norman Scott at the hands of J. Thorpe and the tri-partisan political network, is 'There's a life beyond the closet but there's none beyond the grave'. Once again committed theatre, by amateurs, to committed (gay) audiences – though not yet at the rage-level of Northern Ireland – and once again a strangely poetic-mythological symbolism. The witches from *Macbeth* are transformed (as Lucifer was to Christ in the Irish context) into three Spirits of Gay Anger, chanting their hymn:

Don't sit there all prim and quiet
Come out on the streets with us and riot!

There will certainly be no riot at the Warehouse, with its quotations from Brecht in the programme; its 'Save Our Theatre' leaflets on your seat; its new play by Mr Brenton, a work of closet misogyny if ever there was one, disguised as Women's Lib (his wife-beating policeman, by whom we are supposed to be shocked, is given all the most sympathetic and personal speeches); and, to delight our eyes, its close-up porn-pic of a black woman's gaping vagina among the litter of the stage set. Theatre workers' acquiescence in such reactionary contradictions can only be due to careerism, apathy, or fear – all stock weapons in the armoury of the power-monolith.

Weekend Competition

No 2582 **Set by Ms de Meaner**

Those splendid publishers of unfailingly fine books, Messrs Macmillan, have joined the glittering list of Weekend Comp sponsors. Thanks to them, there are extra carrots riding on this week's comp: copies of Roger Thompson's *Unfit for Modest Ears,* 'a study of pornographic, obscene and bawdy works written in the second half of the 17th century'. It treats such scholarly subjects as 'Why were Englishmen so obsessed with cuckoldry and male impotence in this period?' and 'Why did flagellation, sodomy and female masturbation fascinate an aristocratic coterie?' Right up the street of most of you lot, as you can see. So just to make things a little more difficult, we're not setting *quite* the sort of comp which you might have imagined or hoped for (you know, the one which would start something like, 'Write 150 words of incredible filth or 16 lines of mad bawdy . . .'). We want you to write limericks, but not *that* kind of limerick: not the kind which Gavin Ewart sets and judges, and which gets us into all sorts of trouble here in the Complex (extra duty for PC 49 to protect the plate-glass windows from Reclaim-the-Night marauders). No, what we are asking for is feminist limericks, whose content is utterly devoid of any trace of male sexual chauvinism. Quite hard, we think you'll find this, so we don't think you'll experience much difficulty keeping to the maximum number of three entries. By 21 September.

Result of No 2579 **Set by Al Dente**

We asked for 12 lines of verse containing the words *trifle, bellowing, sunburn, fly, thoughtful, objet, accordingly, referee, polaroid, collage, leggy* and *Wordsworth.*.

Report **by Fat Jeff**

Polaroid and *Wordsworth* were obviously going to give some difficulty, quite apart from the anachronism they set up; *accordingly* is not the easiest of words to insert into a line of verse; and where does *collage* fit in with the beach scenes most of you went for? All in all, a cunningly contrived comp, but you performed doggedly and keenly: we even received an entry by telex, from Robert Berry (while of course the Complex is technologically sophisticated to a point undreamed of in your little shacks and hovels, this is still a comparatively uncommon event). Seven each; the last but one *DBQ* to Fowler.

A *Wordsworth* figure, shawled in plaid,
Thoughtful he sits by windows in the ward;
His *bellowing* to nurses somewhat slurred;
His *sunburn* – that's from too much infra-red –
Like grease-paint on his face, a *trifle* flawed;
He seems like some *collage* of clown and bard.
Nurses *fly* by: screens rattle: someone's dead.
Accordingly, he sits alone, ignored,
A *referee* of all his past deployed,
Trying to focus, catch, with *polaroid*
Effect, some treasured *objet*, snap some word,
Retrieve from *leggy* youth some truth unscarred.

LAURENCE FOWLER

I think we'd had *trifle* for afters that day.
'Geraniums look *leggy*', I ventured to say
As I rose – 'Ouch! My *sunburn*' (I *was* quite well browned)
The next thing I heard was this *bellowing* sound,
Then the crash of an *objet* d'art hitting the wall,
And the wife looking *thoughtful*, then starting to bawl.
Referee-like, impassive, I said, 'You seem vexed?'
And my *polaroid* sunglasses hit the wall next.
When I asked, 'Is it something I've done?' she let *fly*
And smashed up *accordingly* – don't ask me why –
My *collage* of beermats, my best Toby jug,
And my '*Wordsworth* at Dove Cottage' souvenir mug.

NIGEL ANDREW

At Downing Street corner when night's shadows *fly*
And the curious await, *polaroid* at the eye,
Long-*leggy* or fat men, our rulers appear,
And the gaping spectators *accordingly* cheer.
That *objet* de vertu Keith Joseph soon comes;
Red (with *sunburn*) is Prior, Geoffrey Howe doing sums;
St John Stevas is *thoughtful* (he's thinking of Rome).
And then Whitelaw to *referee* matters at home.
Wordsworth saw London in beauteous morn,
But the *collage* of quietness he valued is torn:
There's no time to *trifle*, there's much to be done,
When *bellowing* Tories are up with the sun.

J. C. F. BARNES

No *leggy* sister she, that custom pulls
Into a feeble *objet* de rechange,
Diminished not by *bellowing* poet bulls
She rose to *fly* o'er William's mad mélange.
Wise Coleridge made her his *referee*,
Her brother too, *accordingly* the twain
Saw nature's grand *collage* of imagery
Through Dorothy, the *Wordsworth* chatelaine.
Earth-moods she caught as if by *Polaroid*;
Her sensitive-as-*sunburn* words increase
Our wonder that the *thoughtful* gods employed
Each *trifle* to create her masterpiece.

GERRY HAMILL

August in Skegness, so *accordingly* we dress:
Anoraks and plastic macs the *thoughtful* tripper humps.
Freezing rounders, *leggy* jumps (mind that doggy mess)
Castled sand, an *objet* d'art, reduced to formless lumps.

Custard on the ham, mustard in the *trifle*
A *fly* in the ointment and wasps in the Coke;
Rub on the *sunburn* oil, but don't get an eyeful.
Baby is *bellowing*, give him a poke.

Please *referee* Dad, stop Gary cheating!
Don't tread on me Woolworth's *polaroid* specs.
My sand and shell *collage* will take all the beating,
But behind Granny's *Wordsworth* is her new *Joy of Sex*.

JIM ANTHONY

I lay, like *Wordsworth*, on my couch,
Thoughtful, or rather void,
A *trifle* comatose, when Ouch!
There flashed a *polaroid*.

This *leggy* doll without a stitch
Making a *collage* guy
Had needed one last *objet*, which
She'd found inside my *fly*.

A pain like *sunburn* made me hop:
I hopped *accordingly*,
And *bellowing* 'Foul!' I blew my top
Like some maddened *referee*.

BARNEY BLACKLEY

Tony Miles

Chess

No 147 **A tough game**

As promised last week, my most interesting game from the British Championship:

White: J Speelman **Black: A J Miles**

1.N-KB3, P-Q4; 2.P-B4, P-Q5; 3.P-Q3, P-QB4!? Already very sharp. Black invites transposition to a Modern Benoni reversed, where one would think the extra move would be important. The safe move was 3 . . . N-QB3; **4.P-K3, N-QB3; 5.PxP, PxP; 6.P-KN3, P-K4; 7.B-N2, B-Q3; 8.0-0, KN-K2; 9.P-QR3, P-QR4; 10.QN-Q2, 0-0; 11.R-N1, P-R5; 12.N-K4, B-N1.** Not B-B2? 13.N-B5 winning the RP. Nor if 13.N-B5, Q-R4. **13.R-K1, K-R1; 14.B-Q2, P-QN3** threatening . . . P-B4. **15.N-R4,** seemingly very logical. White intends to expose Black's apparently retarded development by P-B4. In the meantime 15 . . . P-B4 would be met by 16.N-N5, P-R3; 17.Q-R5 with strong attack. **15 . . . B-Q2; 16.P-B4, PxP; 17.PxP, R-R2!** As in my game with Quinteros (this column 13 July), a useful move – eliminating long diagonal dangers and preparing to defend laterally one possibility now is 18.N-N5, P-KR3; 19.Q-R5, B-K1! with the threat of . . . P-B3/4. **18.P-N4, PxPe.p.; 19.RxP, N-N3; 20.NxNch, BPxN!?** Starting concrete play against White's KBP

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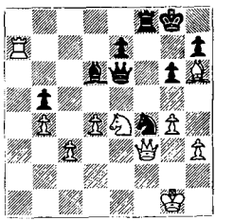
at the cost of diminished control of K3xQ4. **21.N-N5!?** The anticipated sharp reaction. The passive R-B1 was the alternative. Now 21 . . . BxP?! 22.BxB, RxB; 23.N-K6, BxN; 24.RxB is good for White but **21 . . . N-R4! 22.R-N2, N-N2!** A fine regrouping manoeuvre. The N comes to QB4 and suddenly all White's Ps are weak. There is also the tactical justification in 23.B-Q5, N-B4; 24.N-B7ch, RxN; 25.BxR, B-R5! and the R (R2) shows its usefulness (RxB). **23.Q-B3,** It is hard to suggest a good move. Of course 23.N-R6 is met by BxN; 24.RxB, N-B4. White was now heading into serious time trouble and I felt I was now clearly on top. **23 . . . N-B4; 24.Q-N3, P-R3; 25.B-Q5??!** Actually a complete oversight. White forgot that on . . . PxN 26.PxP?? leaves his queen en prise. However **25 . . . PxN.** Now with only five minutes on his clock and a piece down I was just waiting for his resignation. Instead Jon used half of them to find **26.R-K5!!** A remarkable resource. It shouldn't be good enough but it certainly makes life difficult. **26 . . . BxR; 27.PxB, P-N5.** The threat was BxP and Q-R4mate. **28.RxP!** The only move to get the rook into play. Now my original intention had been . . . B-K3; 29.BxB, NxB; 30.RxN, R(2)-KB2 when the initiative passes to Black, but then I got worried about 29.RxB! NxR; 30.BxN when the Bs look just as good as Rs. (It should be noted, by the way, that White threatens 29.R-N8!) **28 . . . P-N4.** Speelman had hoped for 28 . . . R-B6; 29.Q-R4ch! QxQ; 30.R-N8ch, K-R2; 31.B-N8ch with a draw by perpetual check! **29.R-N6, N-K3.** By now I was also seriously short of time and wanted to return a piece to ease the pressure. 29 . . . K-R2!? (30.BxP, Q-N1!) might win. **30.QxP.** Here I became most irritated at my opponent's persistence in taking pawns and ignoring pieces. **30 . . . R-R3?!** If . . . N-B5; 31.P-K6. **31.BxP?** Correct was 31.Q-R5ch, K-N1; 32.BxP unclear. Now both sets of nerves really begin to crack. **31 . . . NxB; 32.Q-R5ch, N-R2; 33.RxR, Q-B1??** Complete panic. My first thought was . . . B-R6!? but 34.QxB, Q-N4ch; 35.B-N2 avoids the mate, (35 . . . Q-Q7; 36B-B3 unclear), though with the clocks as they were his seizure of the initiative would have been decisive. However 33 . . . Q-N1 wins outright. If 34.Q-K2, B-R6 and White is in a mating net. The text is horrible, completely overlooking **34.R-R8!** And White offered a draw. Now . . . B-R6?? 35.RxQ and the R is pinned. With White's flag apparently about to fall I declined, playing **34 . . . Q-B4??** 34 . . . QxR was essential (unclear!) missing completely **35.B-K4!** forcing mate. However, with both sides having only seconds left **35 . . . P-N3** offering a draw!? **36.QxP?** 36.BxP mates in a few moves. **36 . . . Q-K2; 37.RxRch??** 37.QxNch wins easily. **37 . . . NxR.** A bit of a shock to White who thought that the N was still pinned. Now the position is drawn. **38.Q-R6ch, K-N1; 39.B-Q5ch, B-K3; 40.B-K4, Q-N2ch.** 40 . . . QxP; 41.Q-N5ch, with a perpetual, was more sensible. **41.QxQch, KxQ; 42.P-QR4, N-Q2; 43.P-R5** and still in the time scramble White offered a draw. Feeling fairly sure that we had passed move 40 I stopped to think and, noticing that I was almost lost, accepted. In fact the position is drawn:- 43 . . . N-B4! 44.B-N7! B-B4! 45.P-R6, NxRP; 46.BxN, BxP followed by K-N3-B4 or B2-K3, and White will be left with the wrong RP.



Problem 147

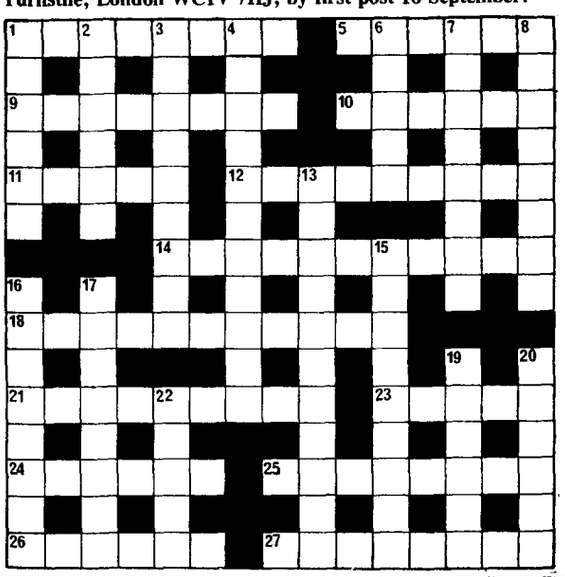
Black to play. How should the game go? Answers to me at the NEW STATESMAN postmarked not later than 19 September.

Problem 145

Due to an error in our issue of 24 August the pawn on Q4 was omitted from Problem 145. The solution will, therefore, be held over for a further two weeks.

Weekend Crossword 1315

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1315, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 18 September.



ACROSS

1 Deliver to a detective to take into custody (8).
5 Circle in which king is held by subject (6).
9 Letters for London and Paris (8).
10 The weapon for a detective (6).
11 There is nothing obscure about universal hatred (5).
12 Behind the scenes when footballers are followed by an unusual gate (9).
14 Proposals concerning the answers (11).
18 Writing found in several tins (5, 6).
21 A chaotic society curses one who comes afterwards (9).
23 Girl from Lancashire needs help (5).
24 I stop going round so here is a line on the map (6).
25 Woman who discovers there is nothing between road transport and rail (8).
26 Rush and obtain an ingenious device (6).
27 The ancient says I ran riot (8).

DOWN

1 Bully for ancient hero! (6)
2 Used at table for game with relations (6).
3 A boat can exist without a river (9).
4 A vehicle is held by it, surrounded by unusual rifles (11).
6 Wanders like a duck among the sheep (5).
7 Figure to associate with a writer? (8).
8 Talk in opposition (8).
13 Soldiers who are not in hot water? (11).
15 Evidence given by a man about times being confused (9).
16 Going red – it's the port! (8).
17 Cuts code wildly, being plastered (8).
19 Long-distance vehicle needed for huge mining industry (6).
20 River always running from point to point (6).
22 Remove from the water as easily as winking (5).

SETSQUARE

Solution to Salamanca 21

C	V	I	E	W	H	A	L	L	O	Q		
R	A	I	N	S	A	B	O	A	R	D		
A	M	E	N	T	D	R	E	A	D	E	D	
C	O	N	T	E	M	P	T	D	D	S	E	
K	S	N	A	R	I	S	A	S	I	N	E	
T	E	A	C	A	N	I	S	T	E	R	P	
R	P	A	T	R	I	C	I	A	T	E	S	
Y	O	G	I	N	S	H	O	R	R	N	I	
S	H	A	V	S	T	O	W	D	O	W	N	
T	A	P	I	T	E	R	C	R	E	A	K	
F	L	A	S	E	R	D	H	A	L	L	E	
P	O	E	T	A	S	T	E	R	Y	L	R	

Prizewinners to Salamanca 21

M. C. C. Rich (Ripon)
Miss S. C. Jones (Dinas)
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APPOINTMENTS

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A FIELD OFFICER

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Applications with curriculum vitae and names/adresses of two referees should be sent to the above address.

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Please apply for application form and Job Description to **John James, National Organiser, BIFU, 102 Bute Street, Cardiff CF1 6AD. All application forms to be completed and returned by Monday 24 September 1979.**

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An appointment may also be made at **Project Editor** level, on salary scale from 1 January 1980 £5,030 (at age 25) to £6,480 and non-contributory pension scheme.

2. Desk Editor with several years experience to handle at all stages manuscripts including titles in the Schools Council's series of Working Papers and Examinations and Curriculum Bulletins. Work involves detailed copy preparation and dealings with authors, publishers, printers and consultants. From 1 January 1980 salary scale (at age 25) £5,030-£6,480 including London weighting, and non-contributory pension scheme (present scale £4,591-£6,052 including London weighting).

Further information and application form may be obtained from: **Mrs. M. Tew (NS), Schools Council, 160 Great Portland Street, London W1N 6LL. Tel: 01-580 0352 Ext. 351.**

Final date for the receipt of applications is **24 September 1979.**

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For application form please contact:**Personnel Office, 10 Southampton Street, London WC2** or telephone **01-836 7788 ext. 289.**

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Details from: **The Literature Officer (NS), East Midlands Arts, Mountfields House, Forest Road, Loughborough, Leics LE11 3HU.**

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For each post Annual leave is 30 days plus 10½ public/privilege holidays. Sick leave provisions, Non-Contributory Pension Scheme, Season ticket loan scheme. Applications, with full c.v., should be addressed to the **Assistant General Secretary (F & O), Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU** for receipt by 18 September 1979. Please include a daytime telephone number.

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UNIVERSITY OF HULL

INSTITUTE OF NURSING STUDIES

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Further particulars may be obtained from Miss M. Clarke, Director of Institute of Nursing Studies, University of Hull, HU6 7RX, who may be contacted informally.

Applications (six copies) giving details of age, qualifications and experience together with the names of three referees should be sent by 24 September 1979 to the Registrar, University of Hull.

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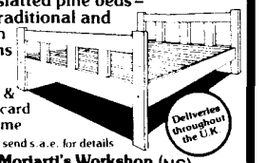

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Literary

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Meetings

CHISWICK FABIANS. Speaker: Giles Radice MP, 8 p.m. 13 September, Chiswick Town Hall. All welcome.

CHILD POVERTY ACTION GROUP. Sat. 15 Sept. 10.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. St. Pancras Church House, Lancing St, London NW1. Campaign Briefing Conference on Public Spending Cuts for CPAG supporters. Speakers include Ted Knight, Paul Ormerod, Larry Whitty and Jack Dromey. For more information contact Jen McLelland, 01-242 3225. 1 Macklin St, London WC2.

ICA EVENTS. The Mall, SW1. 11 Sept. 7.30 'The Sound of 11 million Shutters Clicking' Tom Maher, a talk accomp. 'Japanese Photography Today'. 7.30 'The Direction of Development', Third World discussion. 80p. 930 3647

THEOSOPHICAL PSYCHOLOGY: Sun. 9 Sept. 8 p.m. Informal Question/Answer Group. S.a.e. for pamphlets, book list, programme. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, W2.

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Islam and family planning: a world report

people

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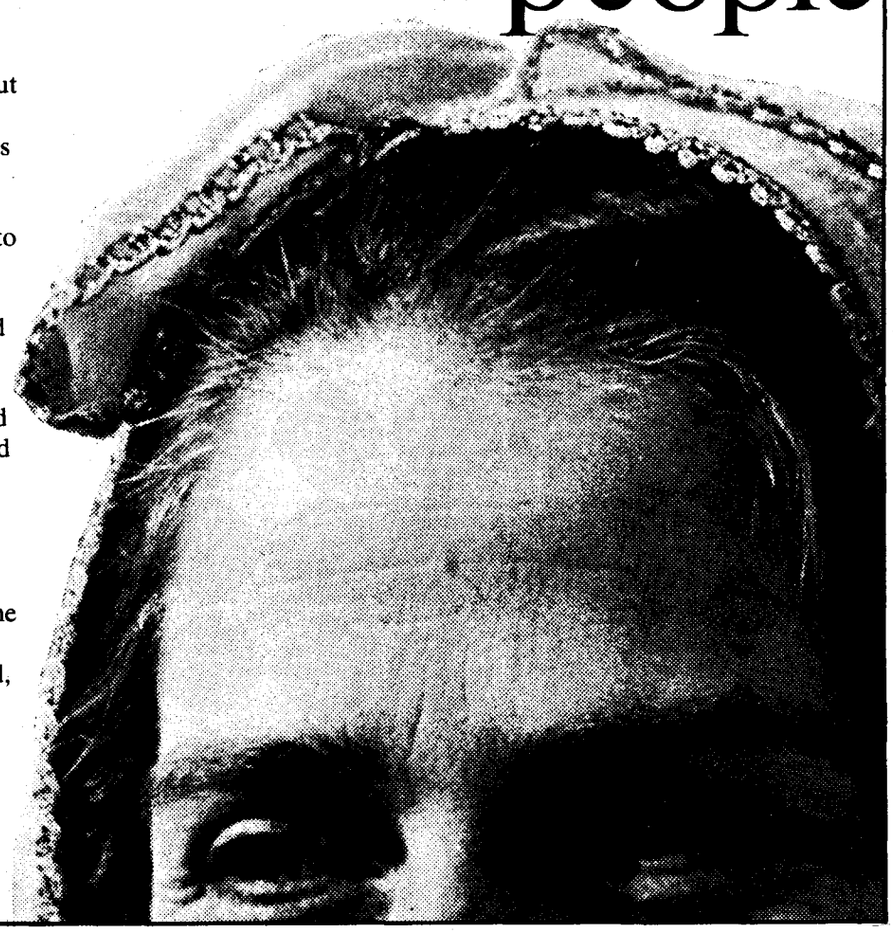

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